

FUN-IN



HANNA-
BARBERA

25¢

Fun-in

STARRING **INCH HIGH
PRIVATE EYE**

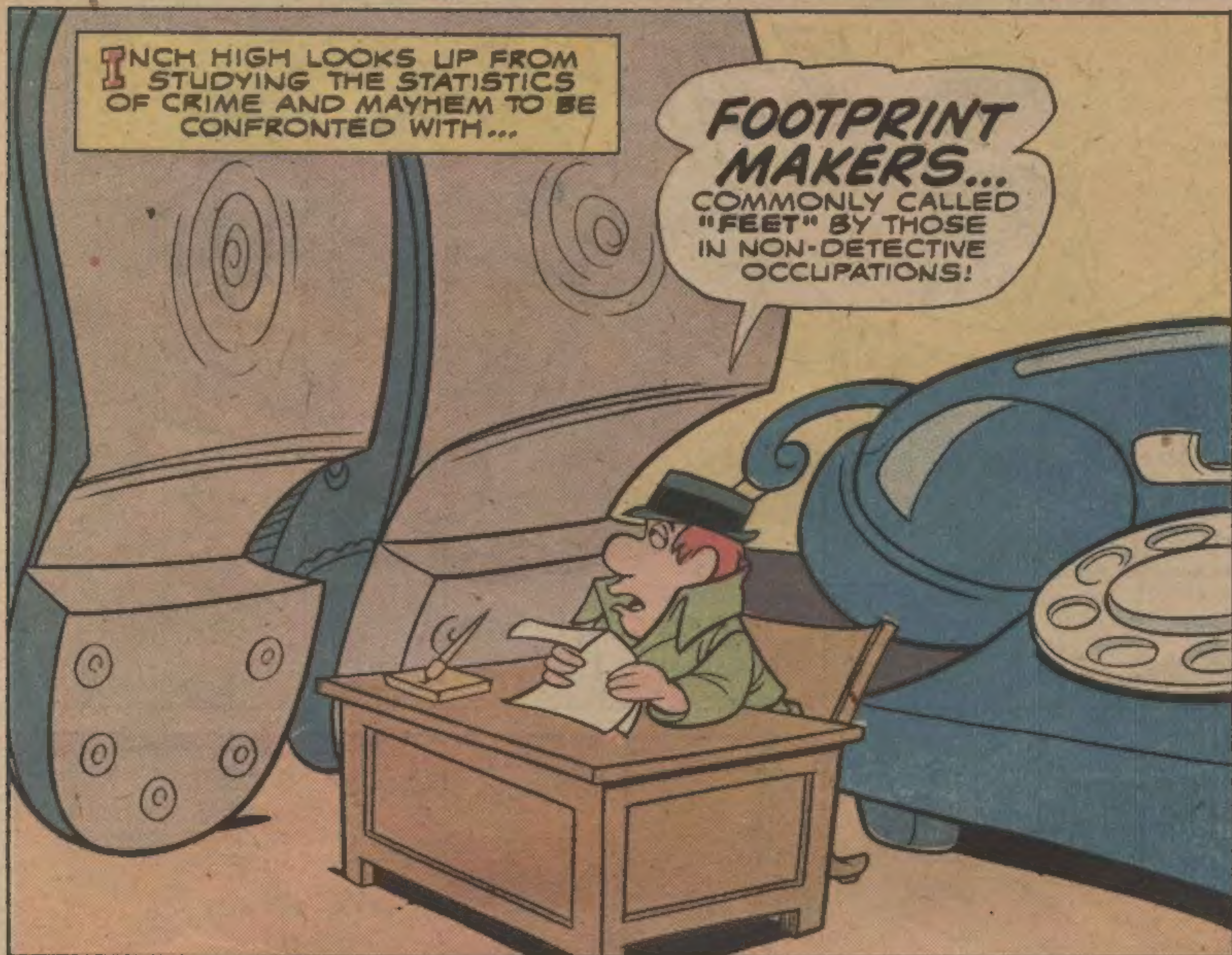


Hanna-Barbera
**INCH HIGH
PRIVATE EYE**

The Fashion RUSTLERS

INCH HIGH LOOKS UP FROM
STUDYING THE STATISTICS
OF CRIME AND MAYHEM TO BE
CONFRONTED WITH...

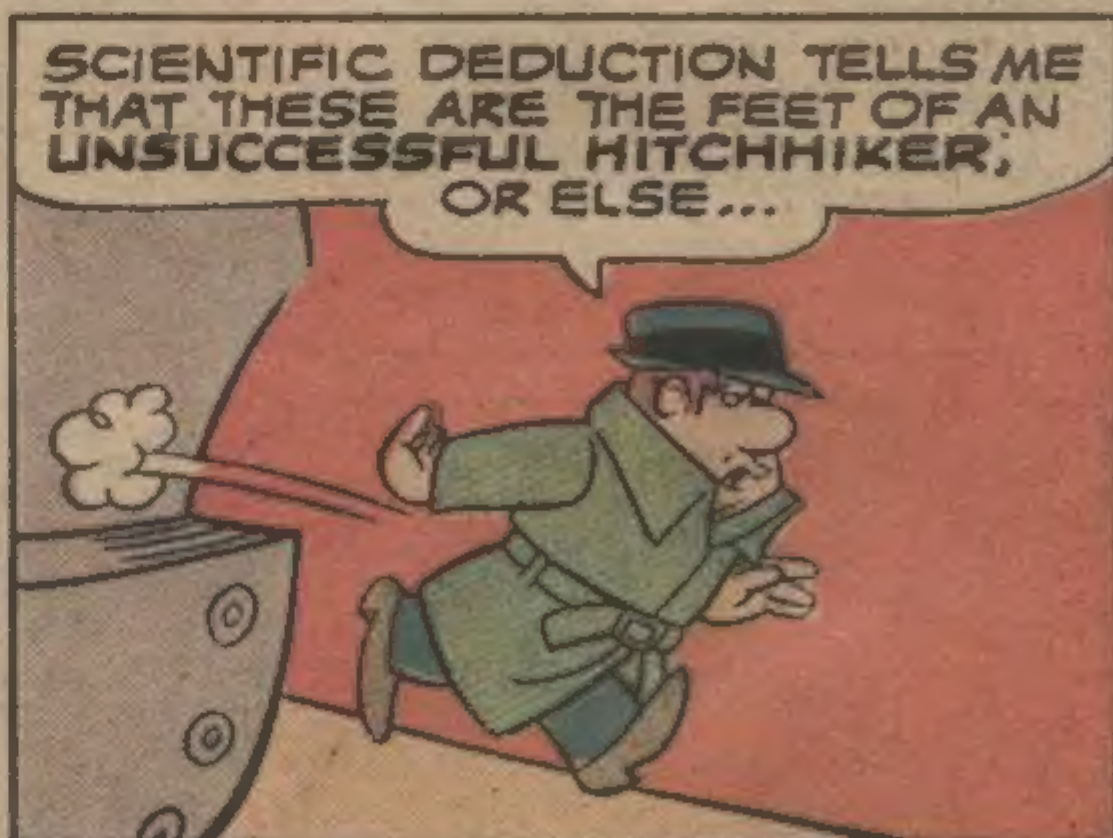
**FOOTPRINT
MAKERS...**
COMMONLY CALLED
"FEET" BY THOSE
IN NON-DETECTIVE
OCCUPATIONS!



HMM... SOLES WORN THROUGH, AND
DOWN-AT-THE-HEELS,
TOO...
HMM!

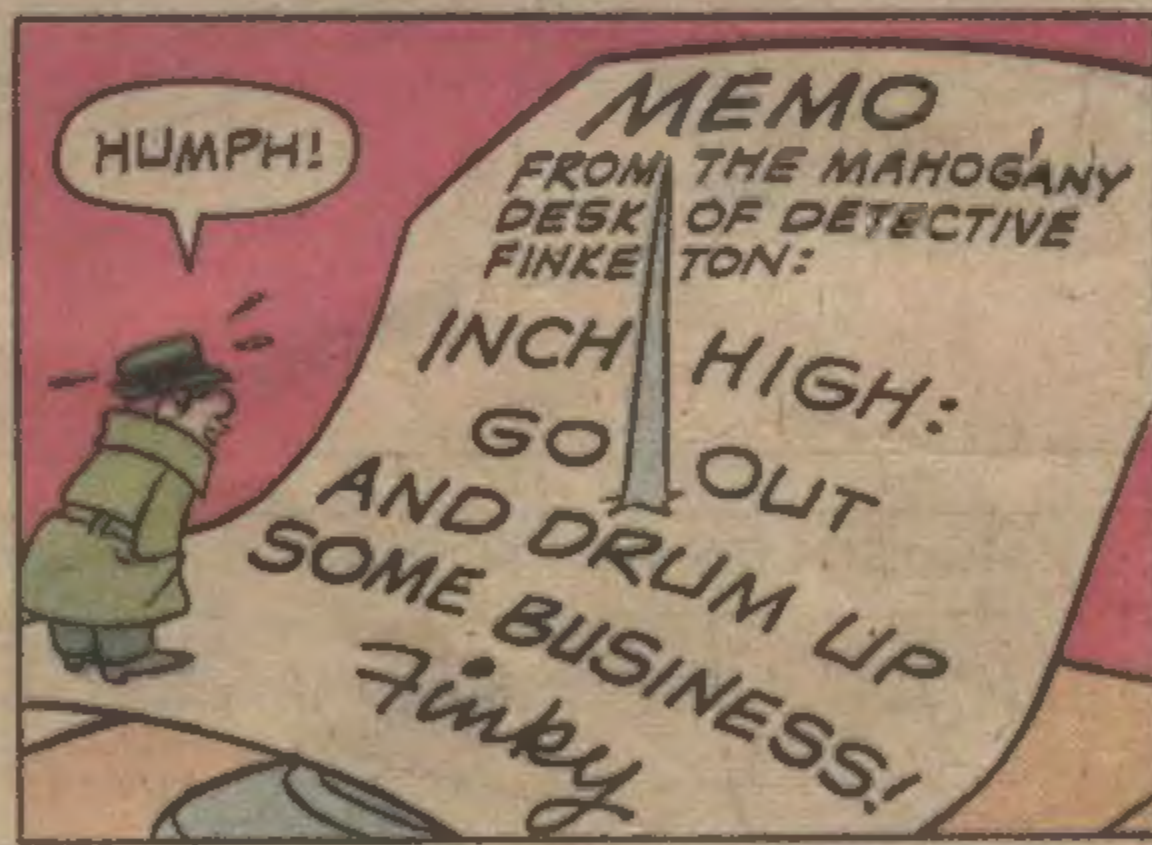
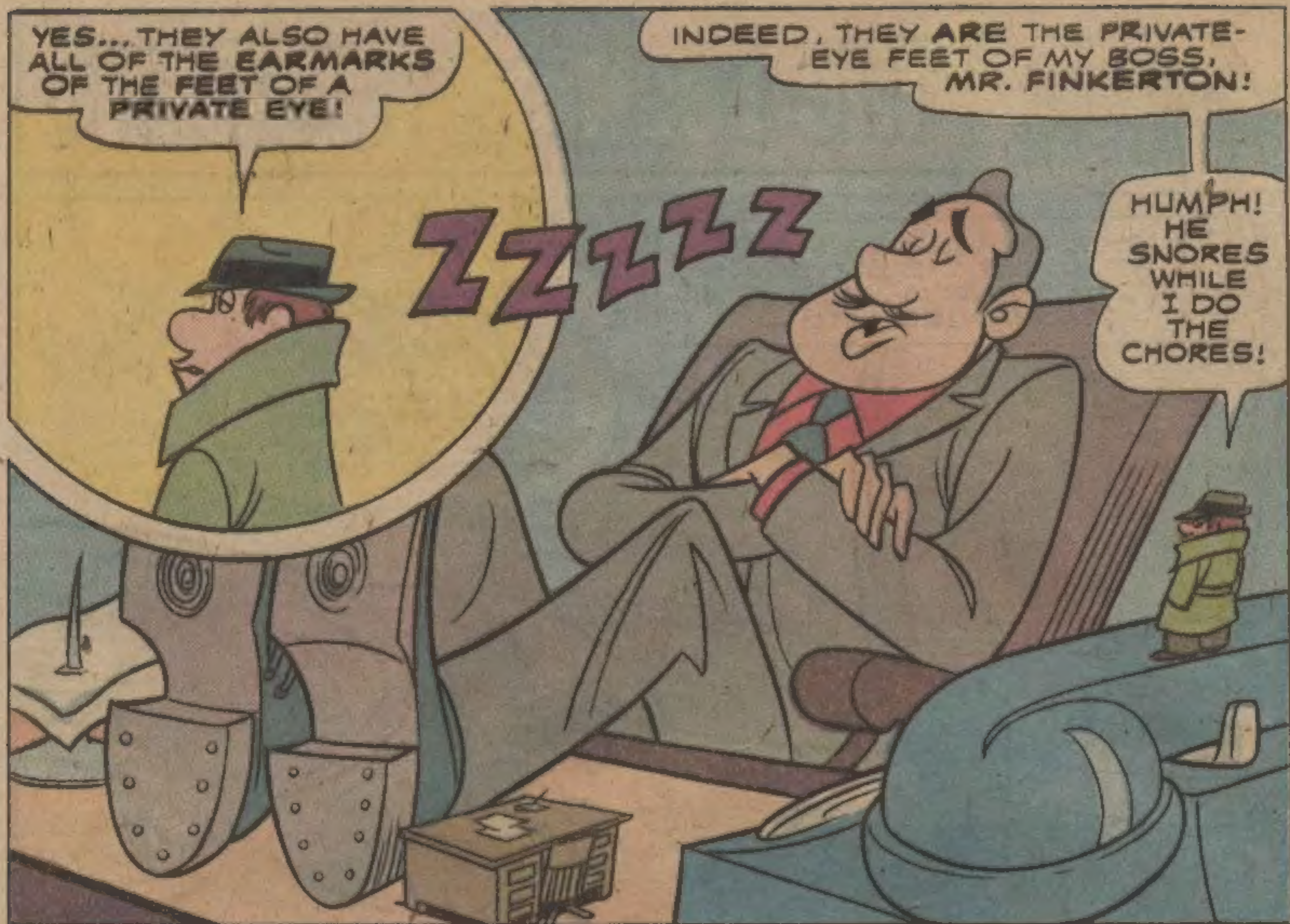


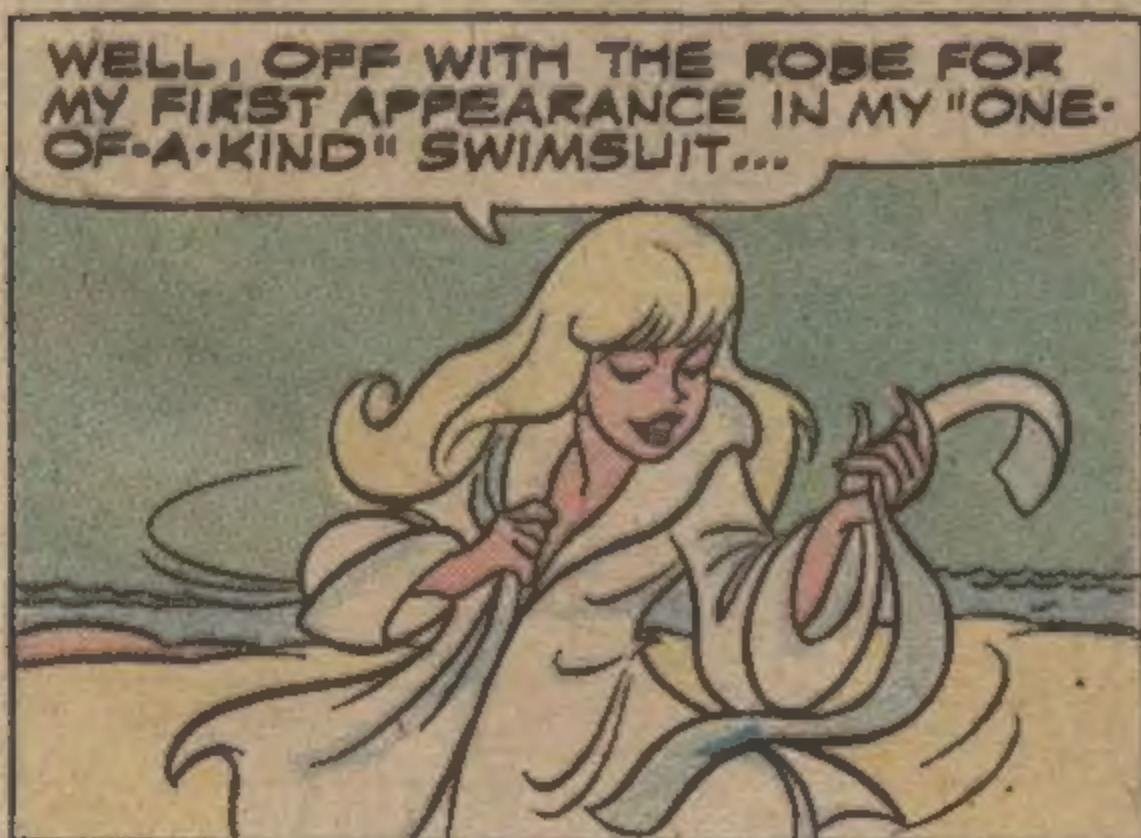
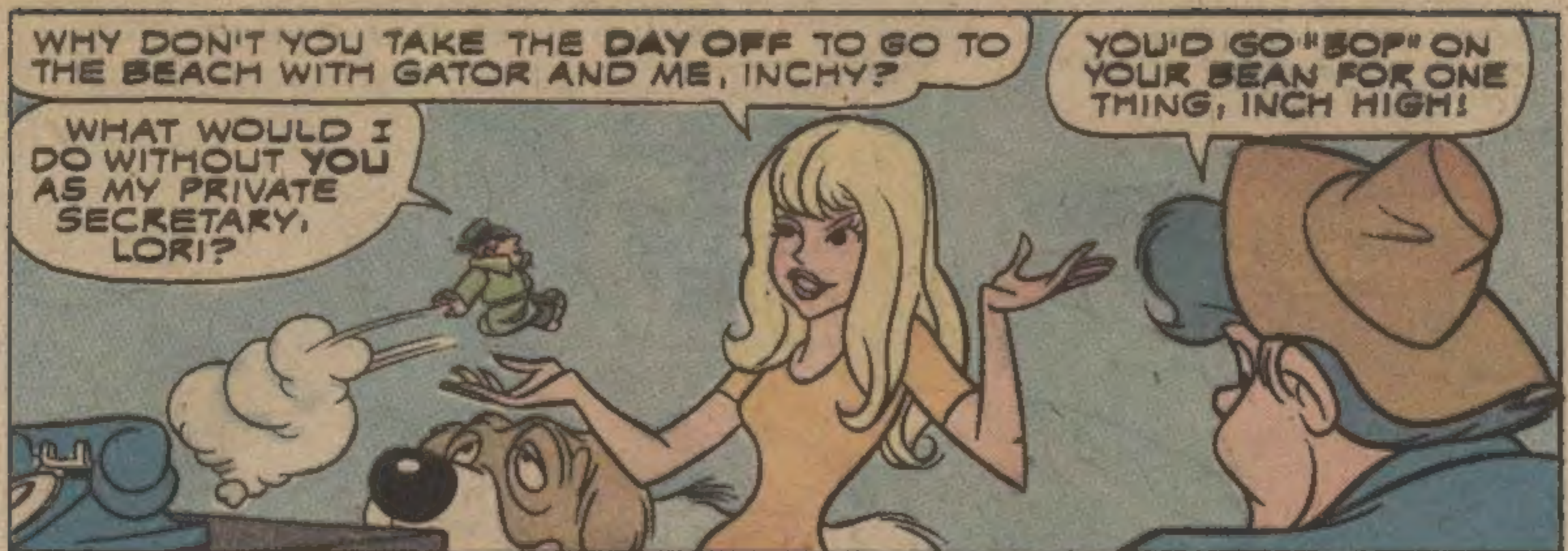
SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTION TELLS ME
THAT THESE ARE THE FEET OF AN
UNSUCCESSFUL HITCHHIKER,
OR ELSE...

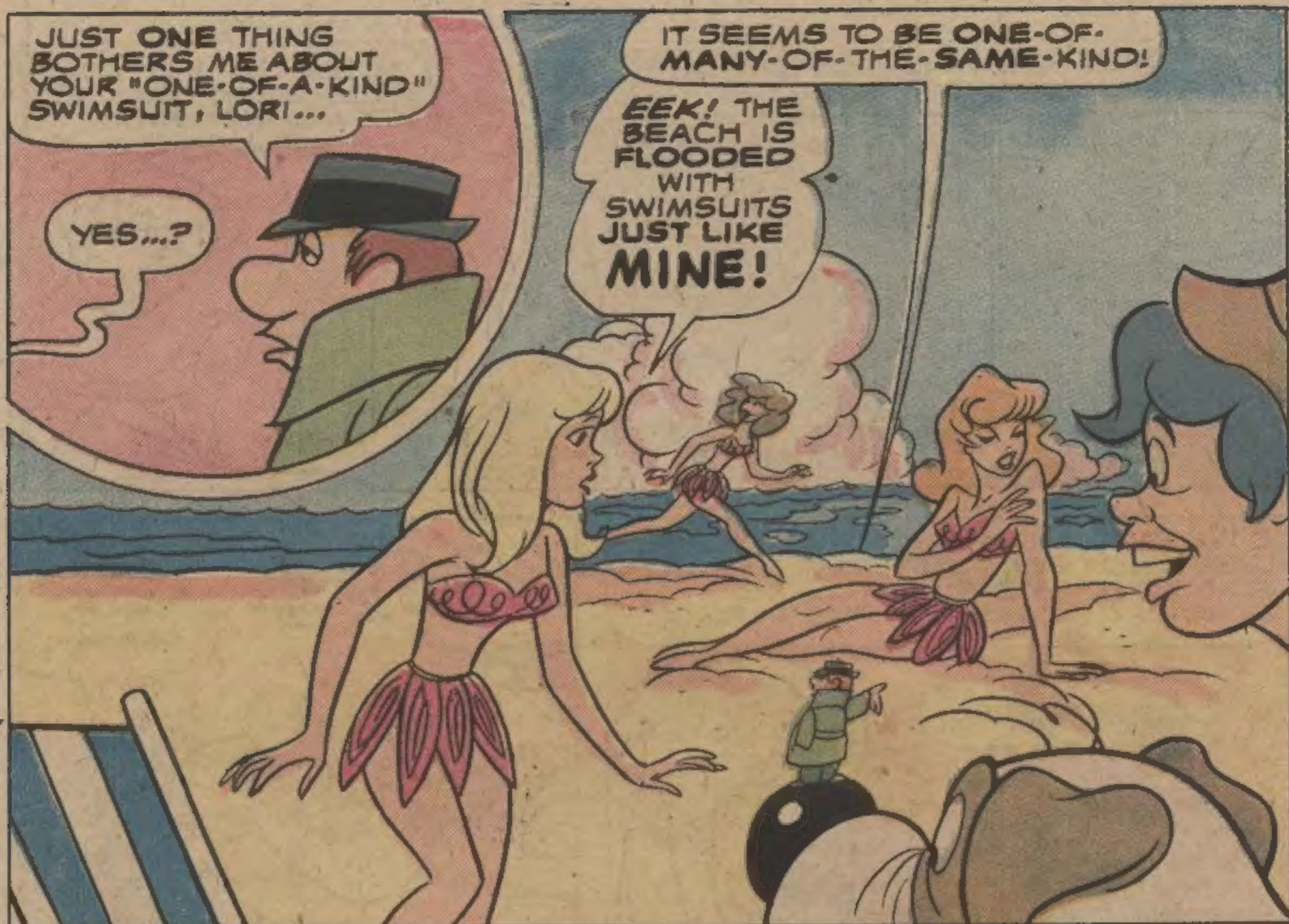


Hanna-Barbera FUN-IN, No. 14. Authorized edition. Published by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. All rights reserved throughout the world. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1974, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.









THIMBLE'S
DEPARTMENT
STORE IS MASS-
MERCHANDISING
THE ITEM, LORI!

THEN I'VE BEEN
GYPPED!



OR ELSE SOMEBODY IS
STEALING PIERRE LEFLAIR'S
"ONE-OF-A-KIND" IDEAS AND
MASS MARKETING THEM!

LET'S GO
SEE
LEFLAIR!

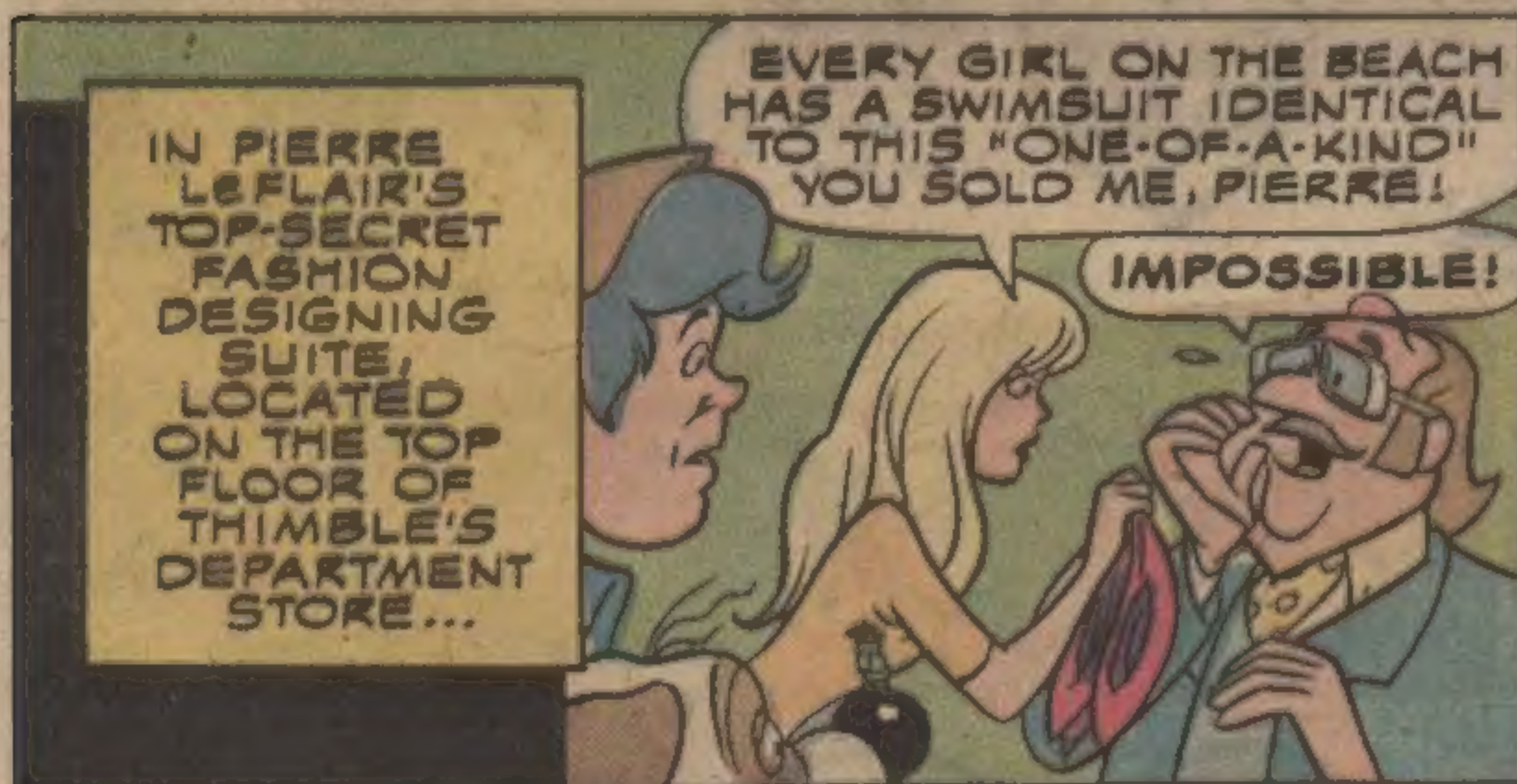
AND SO THEY GO...WITH A WHISPERING SWISH OF THEIR HUSHMOBILE...



I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT!
I KEEP THINKING WE'RE
GETTING A FLAT TIRE!

SHH!

SHH!
SHH!



IN PIERRE
LEFLAIR'S
TOP-SECRET
FASHION
DESIGNING
SUITE,
LOCATED
ON THE TOP
FLOOR OF
THIMBLE'S
DEPARTMENT
STORE...

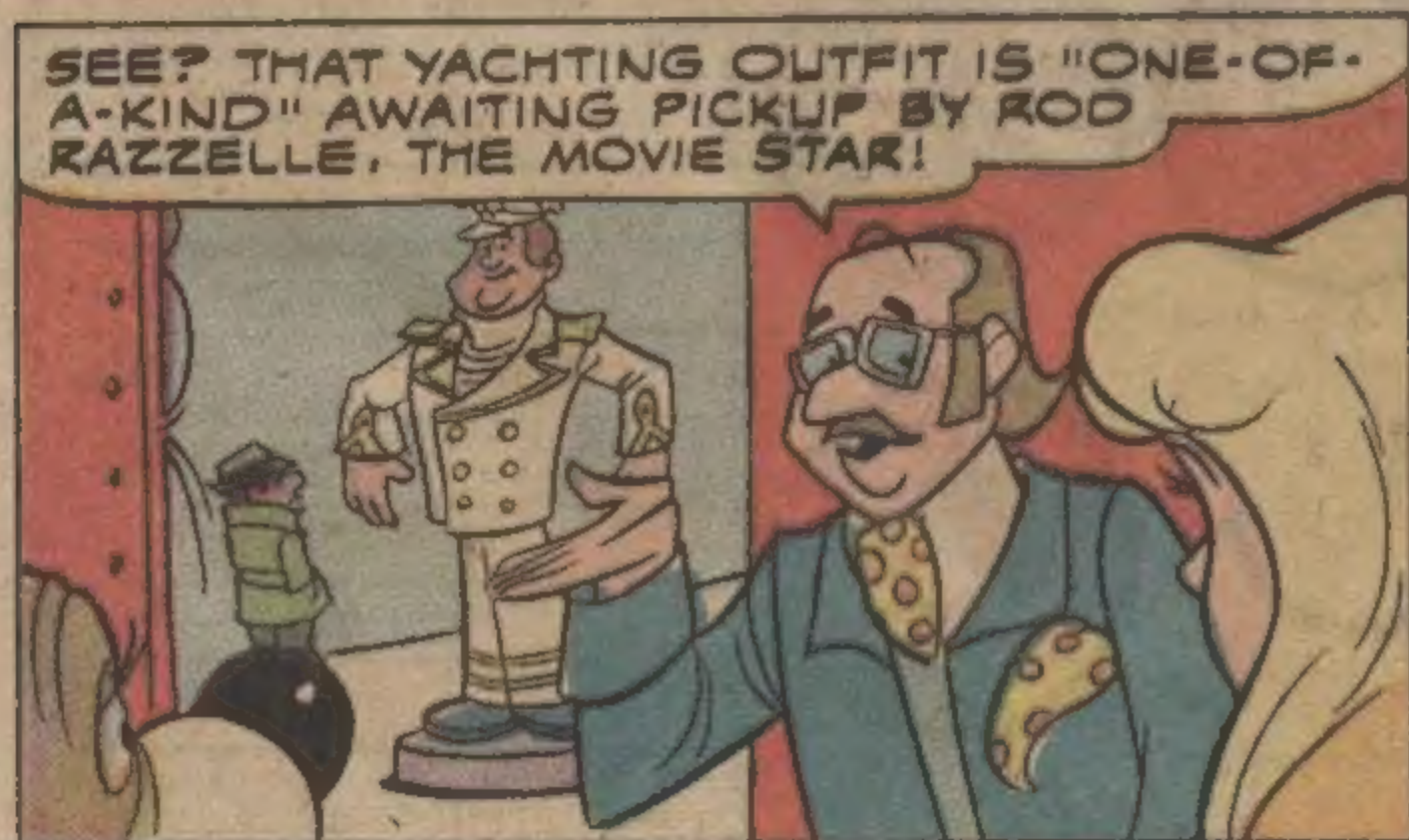
EVERY GIRL ON THE BEACH
HAS A SWIMSUIT IDENTICAL
TO THIS "ONE-OF-A-KIND"
YOU SOLD ME, PIERRE!

IMPOSSIBLE!



I KEEP EACH
DESIGN UNDER
LOCK AND KEY
UNTIL DELIVERED
TO THE CUSTOMER!

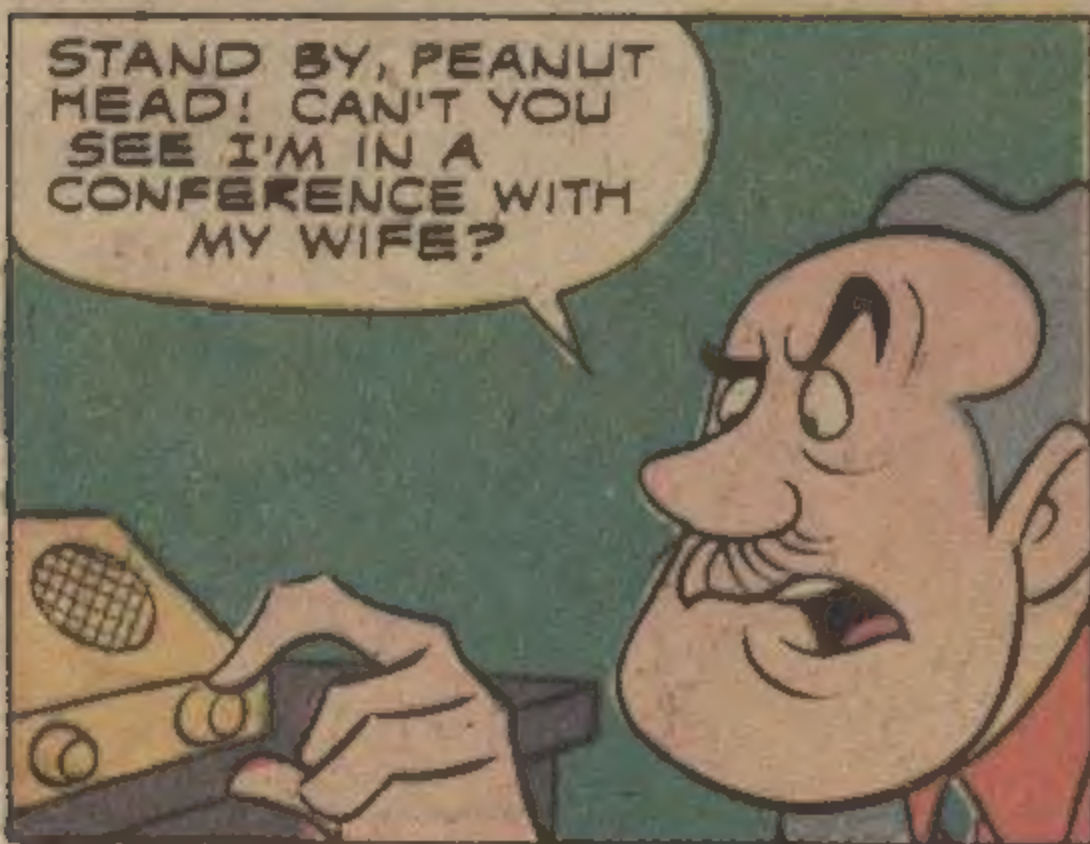
CLICK!

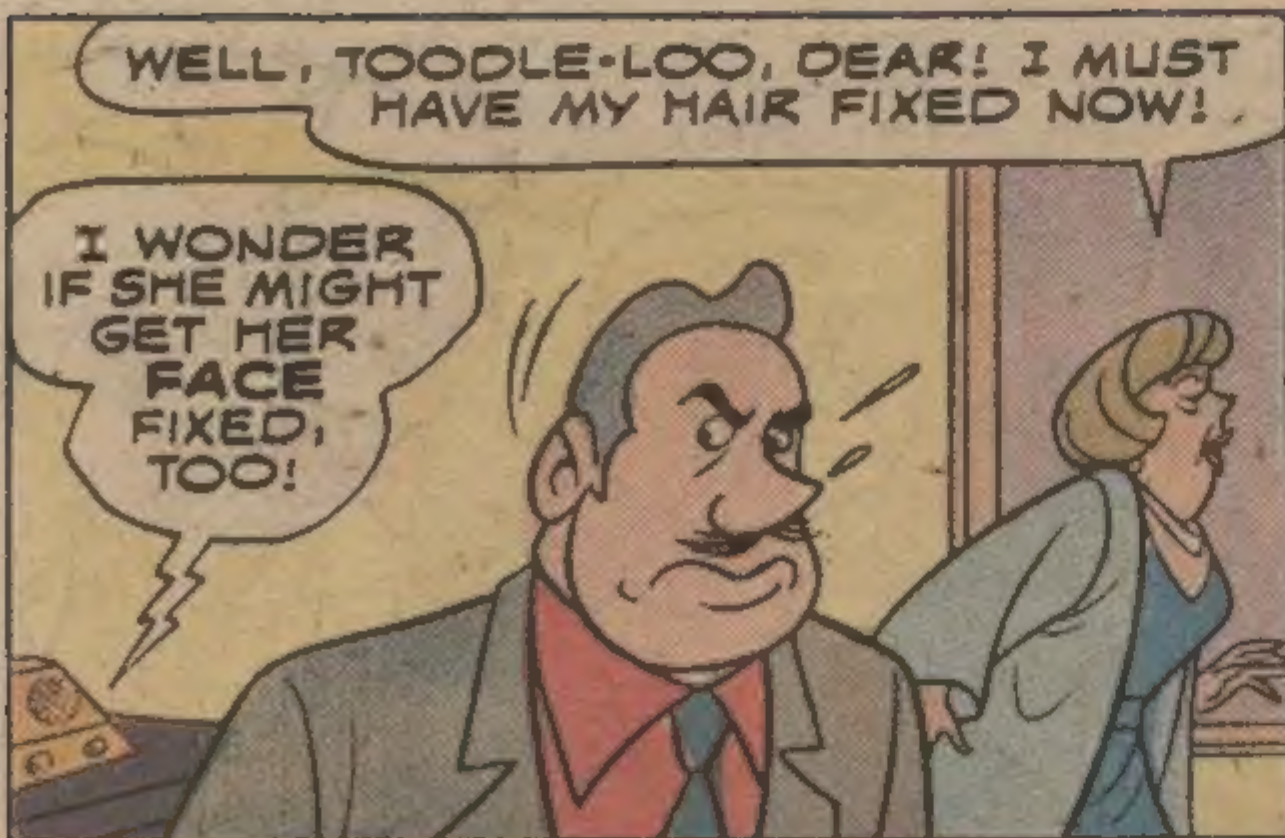


SEE? THAT YACHTING OUTFIT IS "ONE-OF-A-KIND" AWAITING PICKUP BY ROD RAZZELLE, THE MOVIE STAR!



I HAVE NASTY NEWS
FOR US, PIERRE...





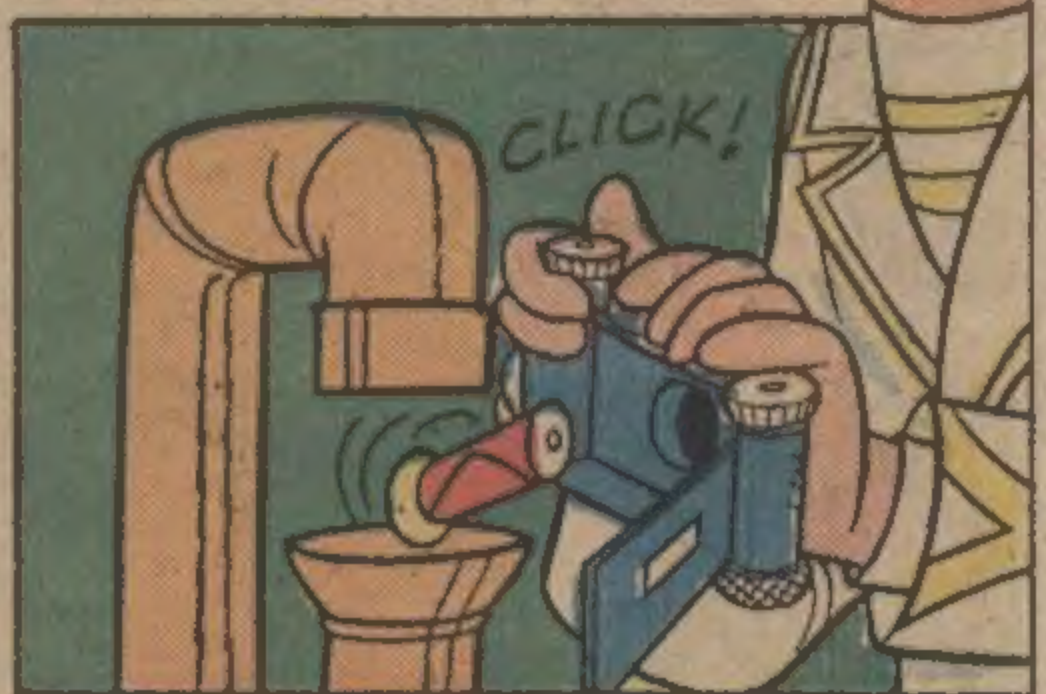
SO INCH HIGH TELLS MR. FINKERTON ABOUT THE "ONE-OF-A-KIND" DESIGN THEFTS, AND...

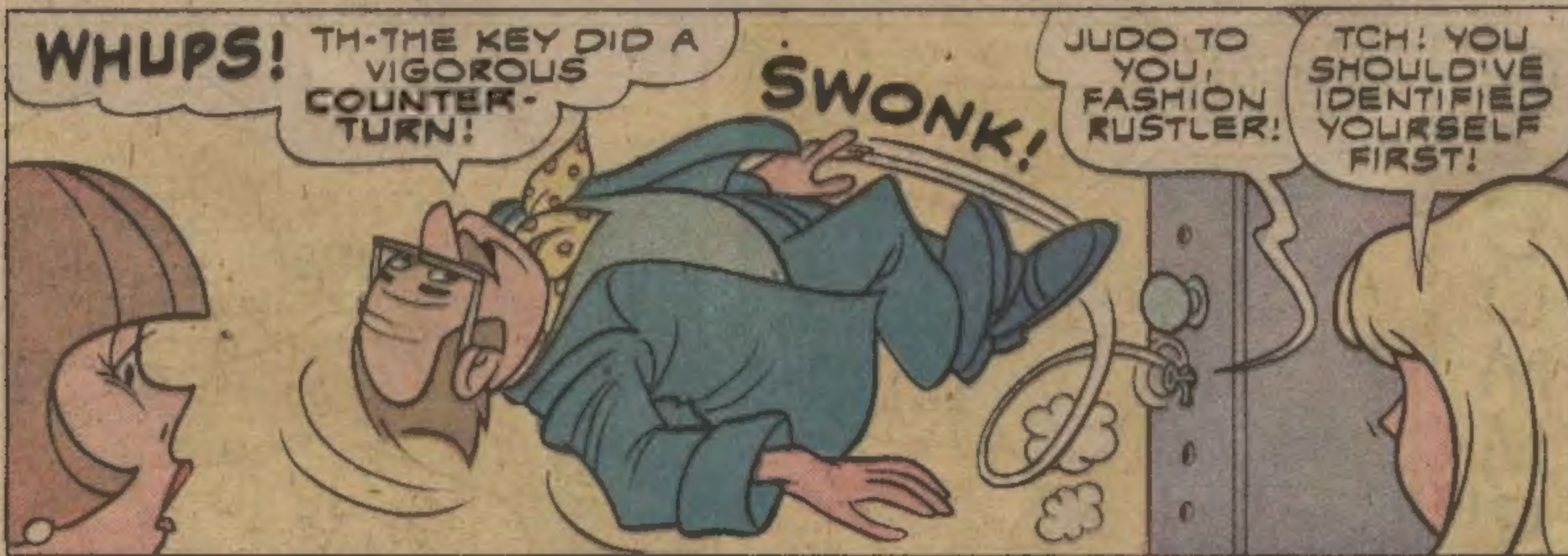
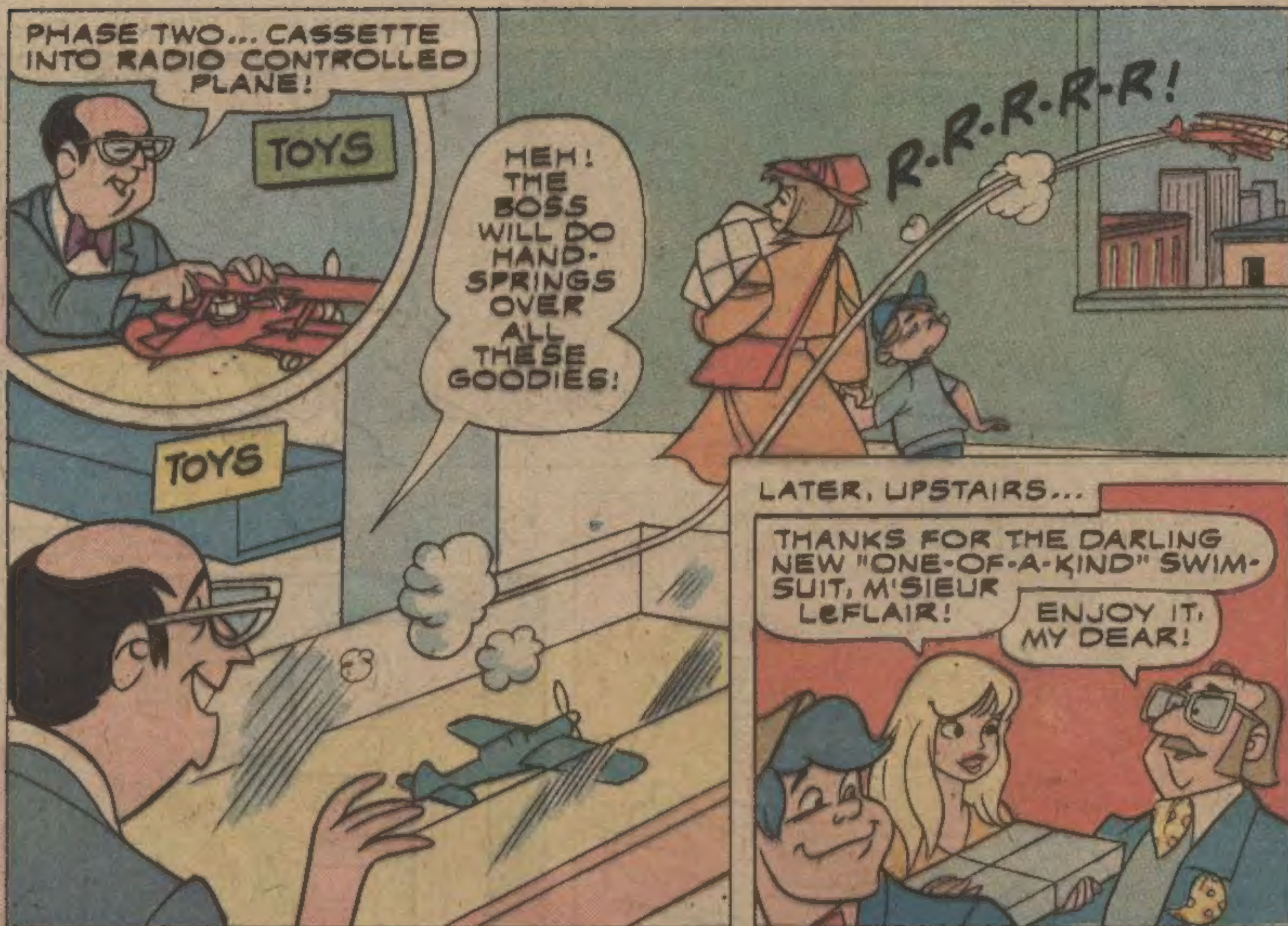


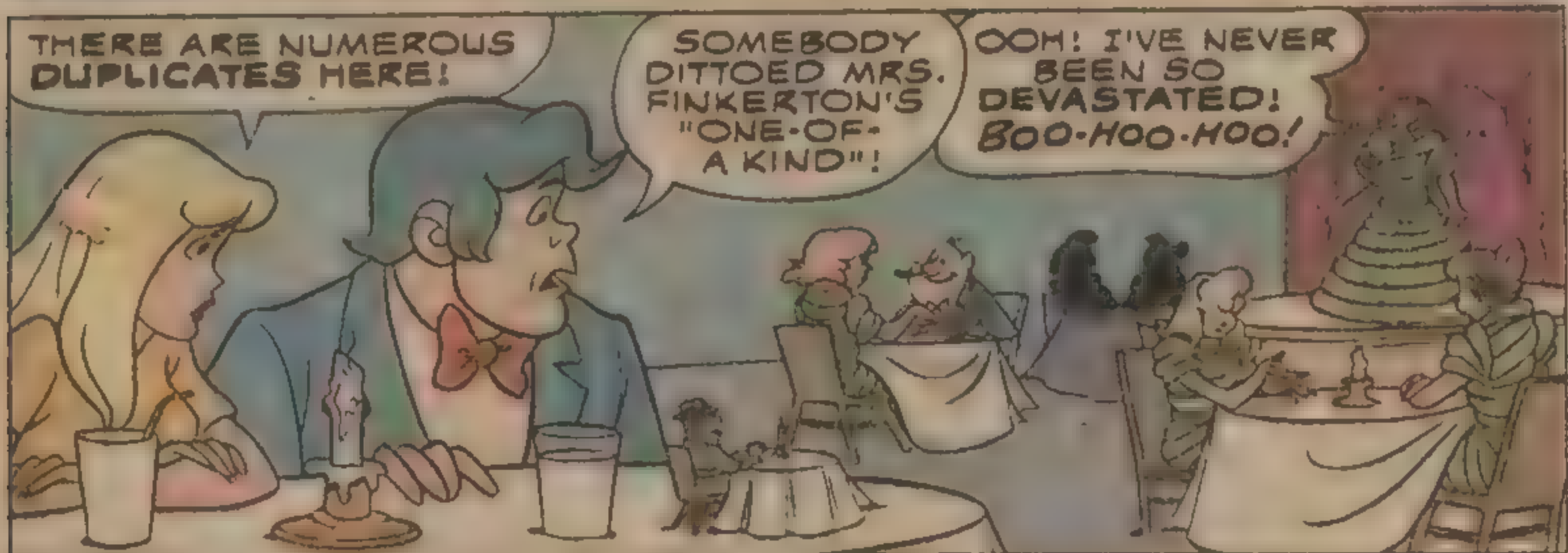
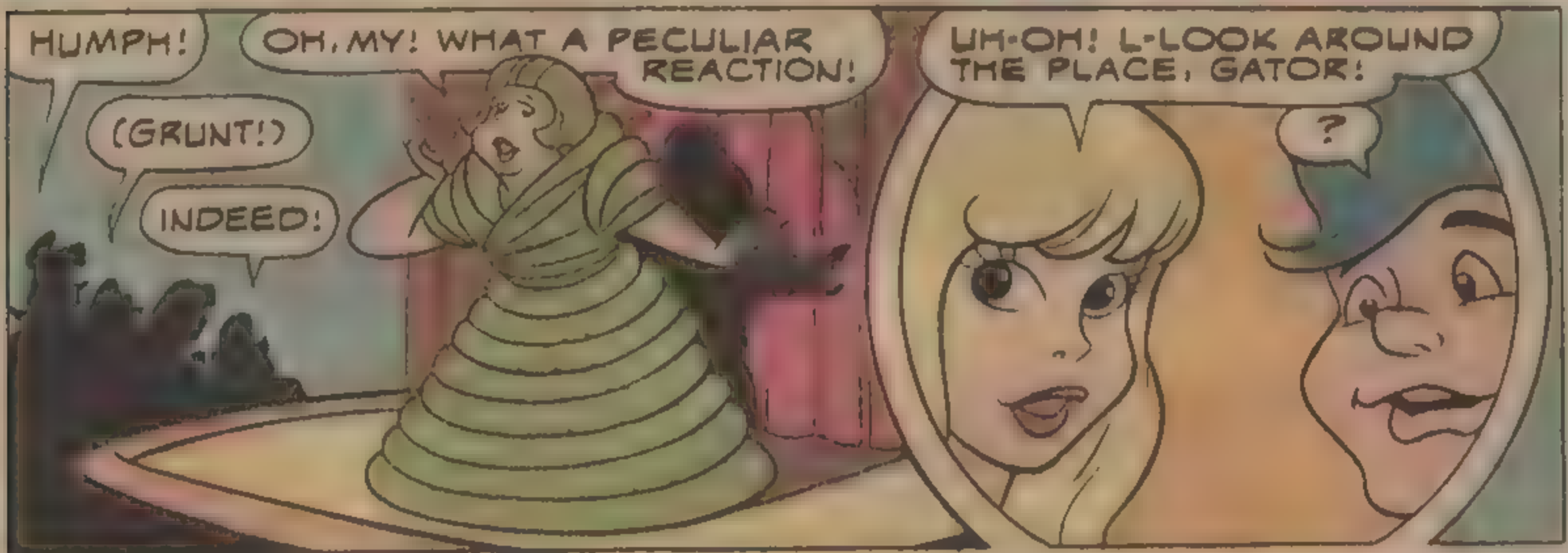
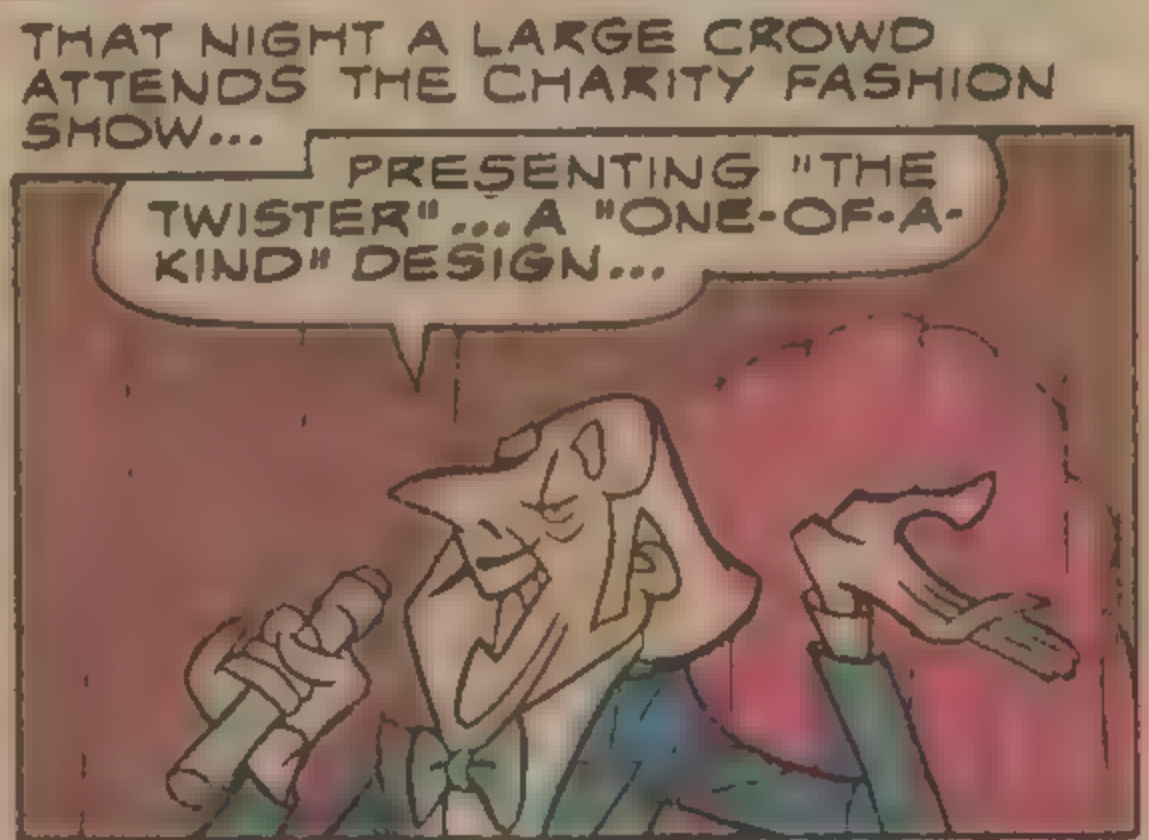
AND AS INCH HIGH TUCKS HIMSELF BETWEEN THE TUMBLERS, A MANNEQUIN INSIDE COMES TO LIFE...

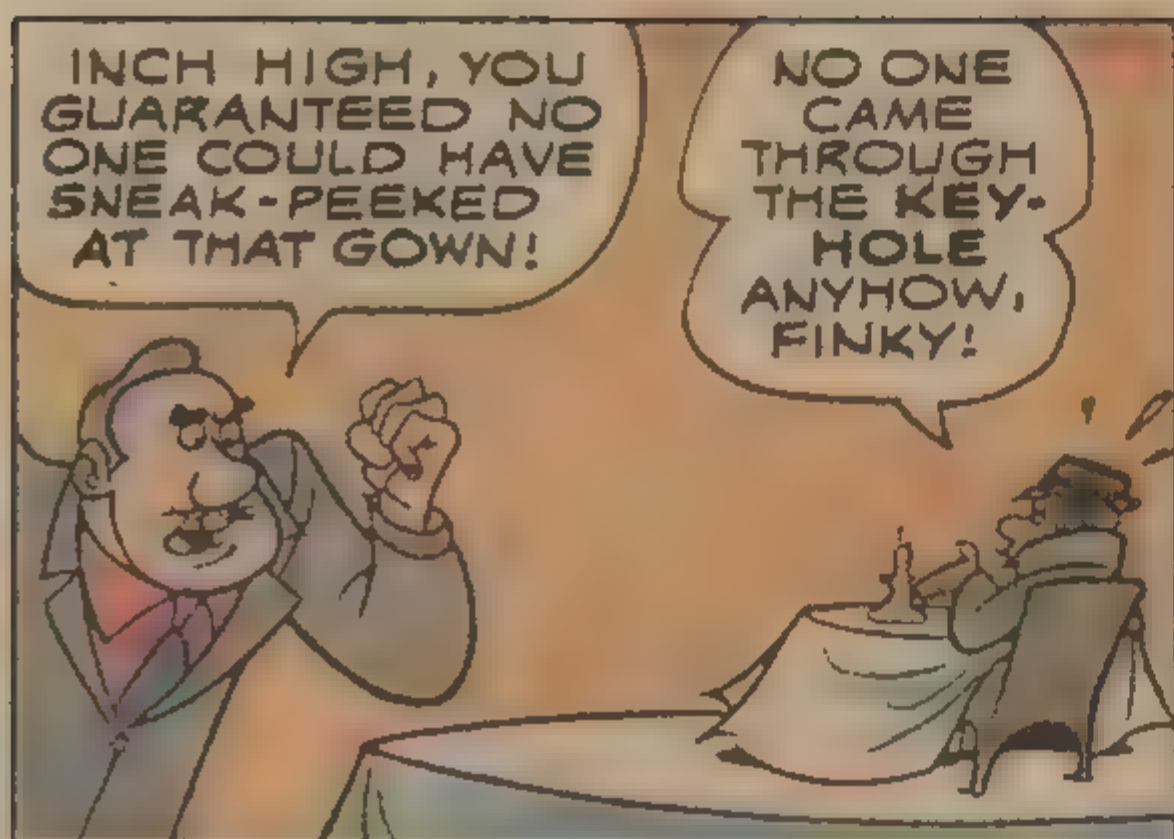


HIS DEFT FINGERS EJECT THE FILM CASSETTE INTO THE STORE'S MESSAGE TUBE...



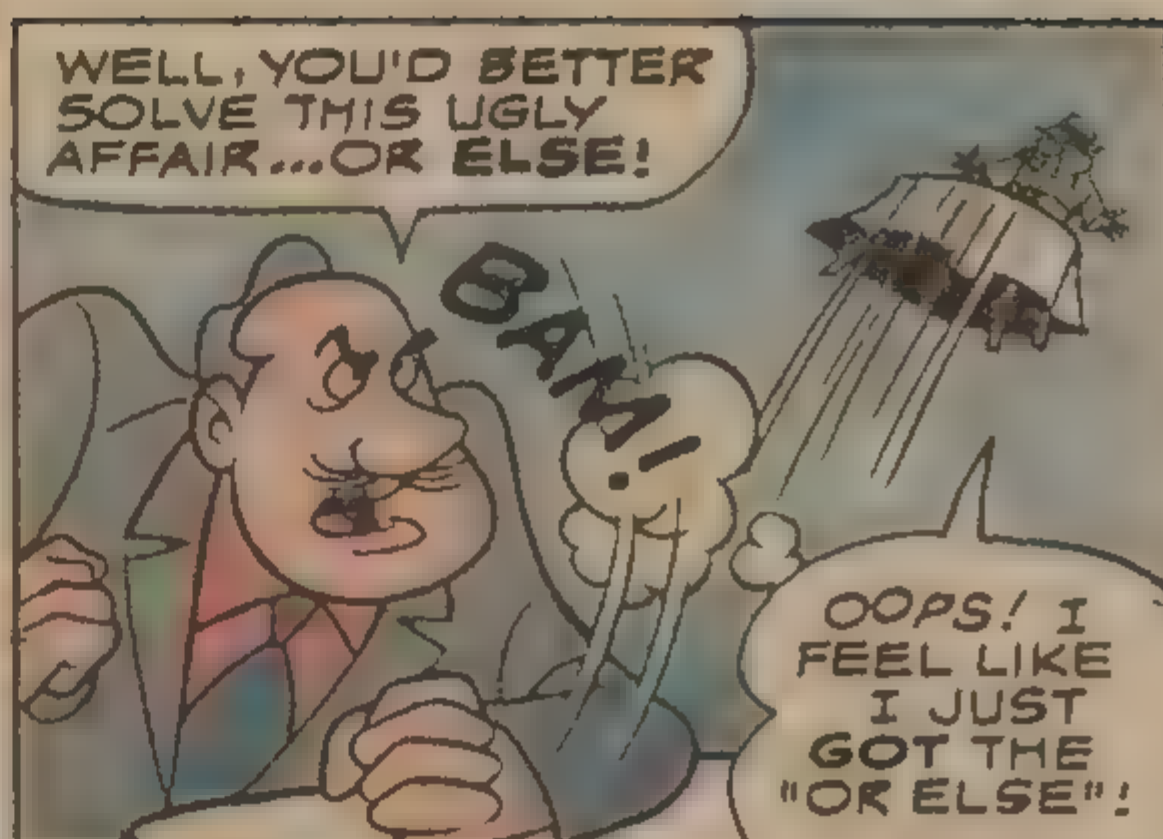






INCH HIGH, YOU GUARANTEED NO ONE COULD HAVE SNEAK-PEEKED AT THAT GOWN!

NO ONE CAME THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE ANYHOW, FINKY!



WELL, YOU'D BETTER SOLVE THIS UGLY AFFAIR...OR ELSE!

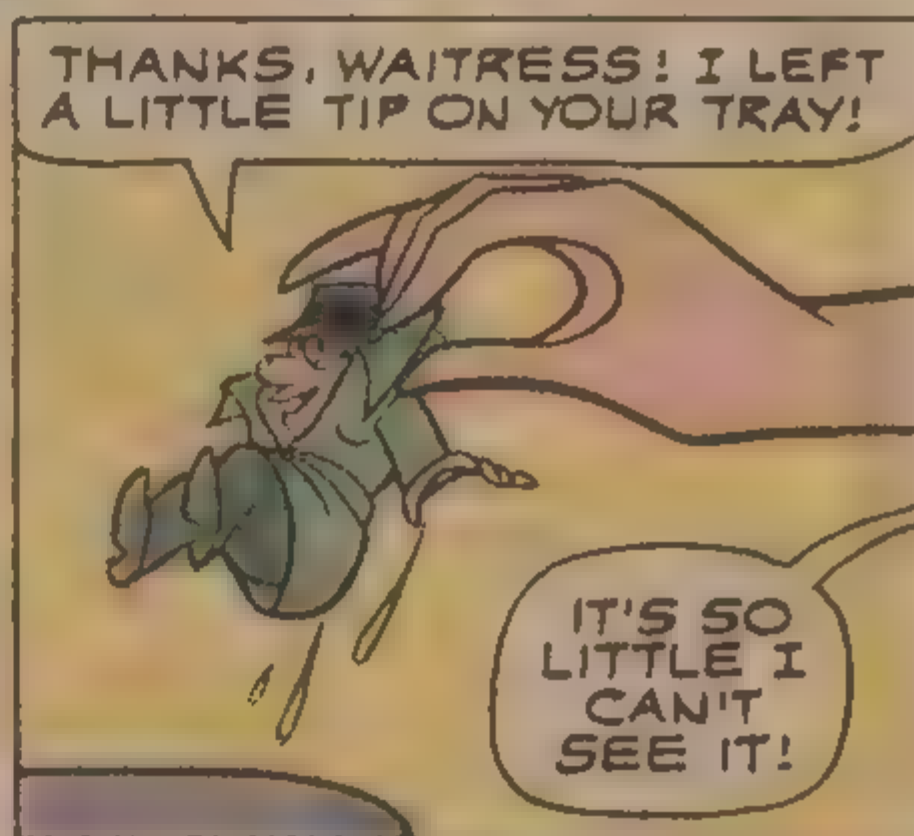
BAM!

OOPS! I FEEL LIKE I JUST GOT THE "OR ELSE"!



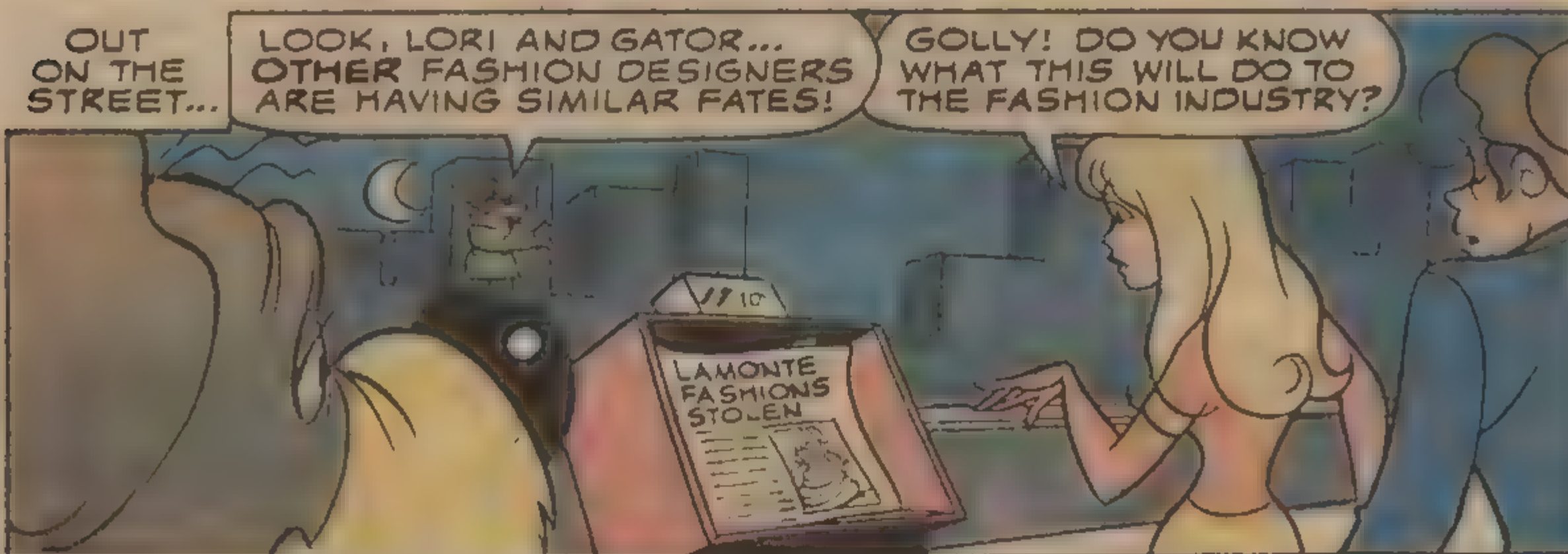
FEAR NOT, FINKY... (BLUB!)... I'LL SOLVE IT, OR... (GLUB!) DISSOLVE!

SPLOSH!



THANKS, WAITRESS! I LEFT A LITTLE TIP ON YOUR TRAY!

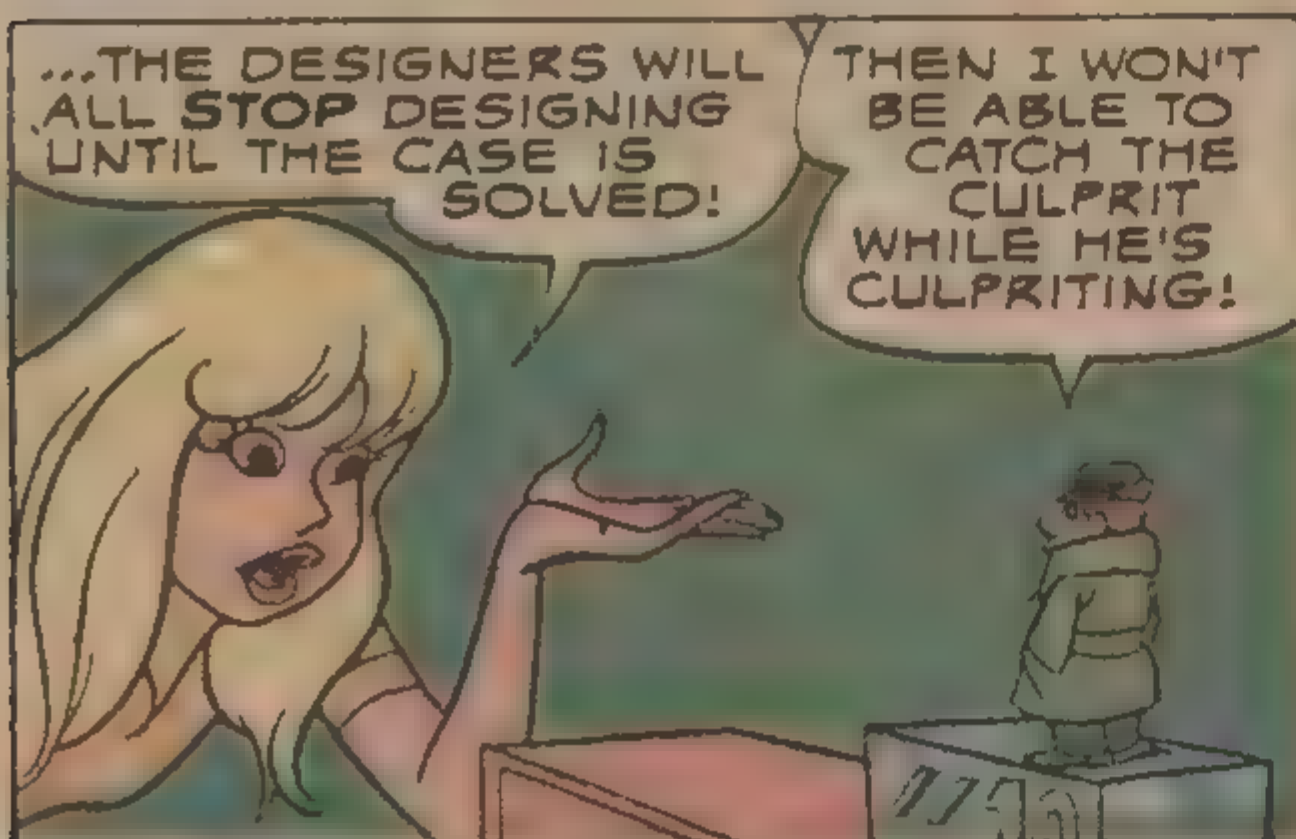
IT'S SO LITTLE I CAN'T SEE IT!



OUT ON THE STREET...

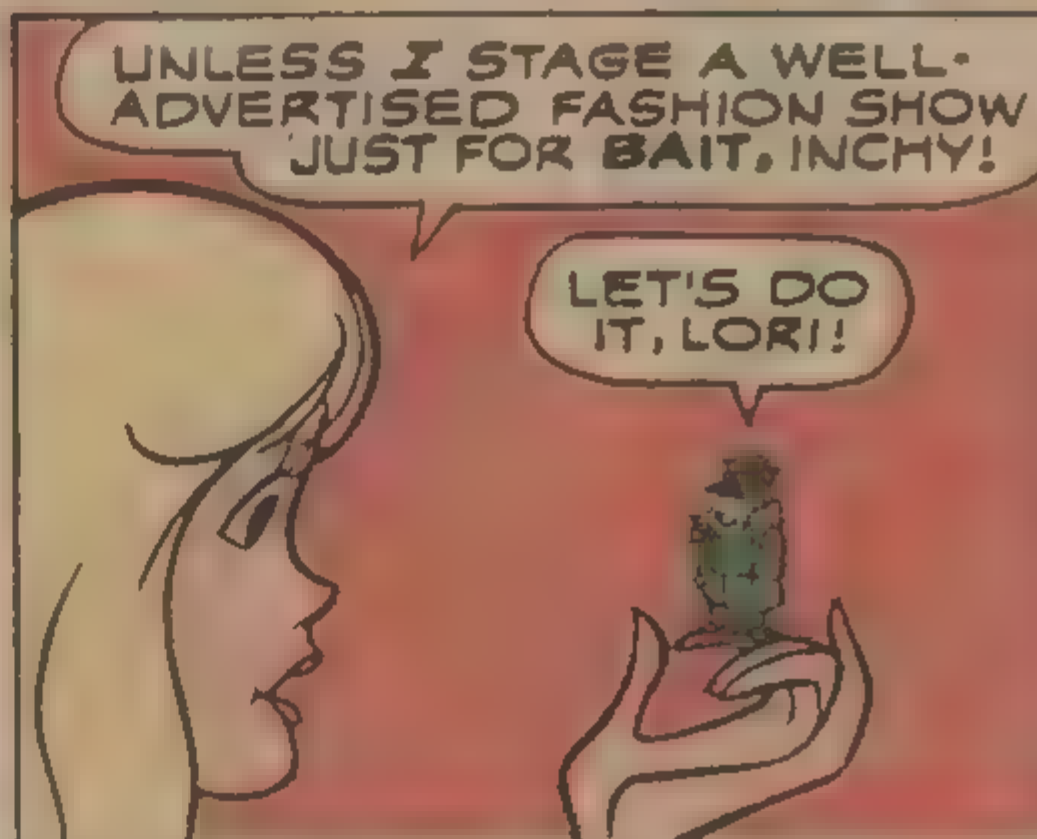
LOOK, LORI AND GATOR... OTHER FASHION DESIGNERS ARE HAVING SIMILAR FATES!

GOLLY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WILL DO TO THE FASHION INDUSTRY?



...THE DESIGNERS WILL ALL STOP DESIGNING UNTIL THE CASE IS SOLVED!

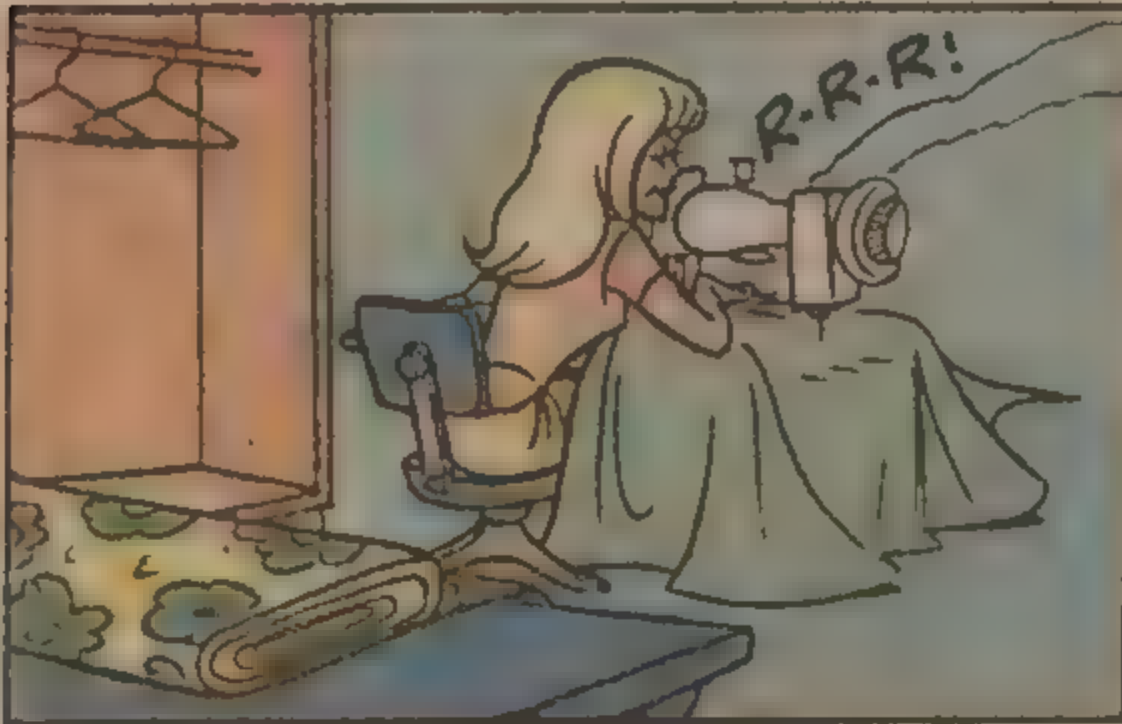
THEN I WON'T BE ABLE TO CATCH THE CULPRIT WHILE HE'S CULPRITING!



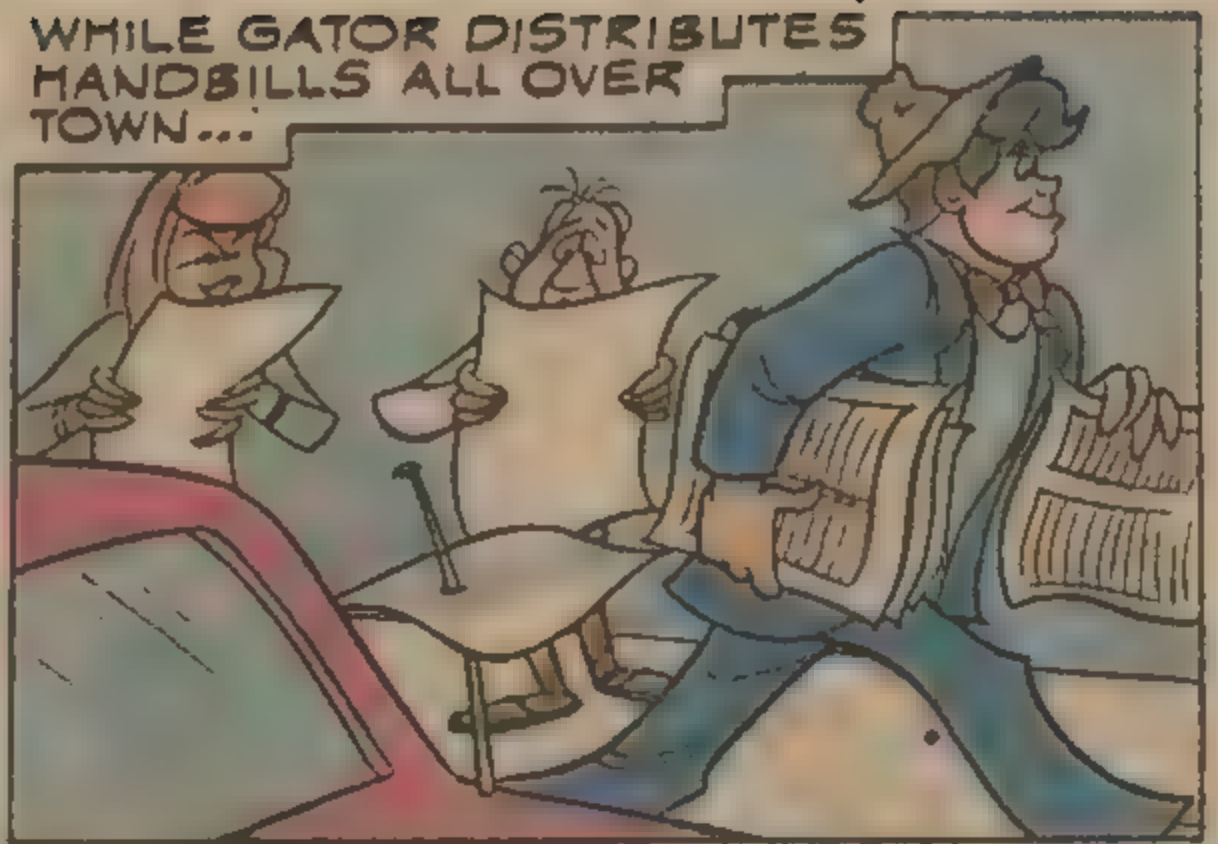
UNLESS I STAGE A WELL-ADVERTISED FASHION SHOW JUST FOR BAIT, INCY!

LET'S DO IT, LORI!

LORI WORKS FEVERISHLY ON SOME "COOL" DESIGNS OF HER OWN...



WHILE GATOR DISTRIBUTES HANDBILLS ALL OVER TOWN...



AND INCH HIGH GETS A FEW "SPOTS" ON TV... THE HARD WAY!

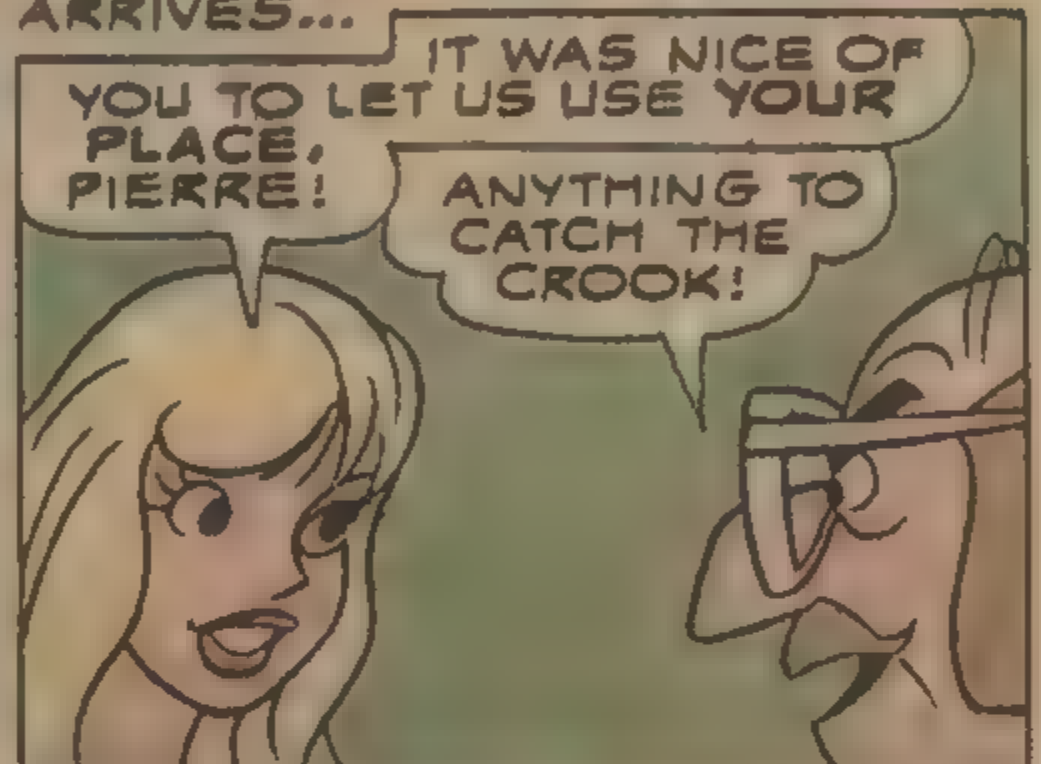
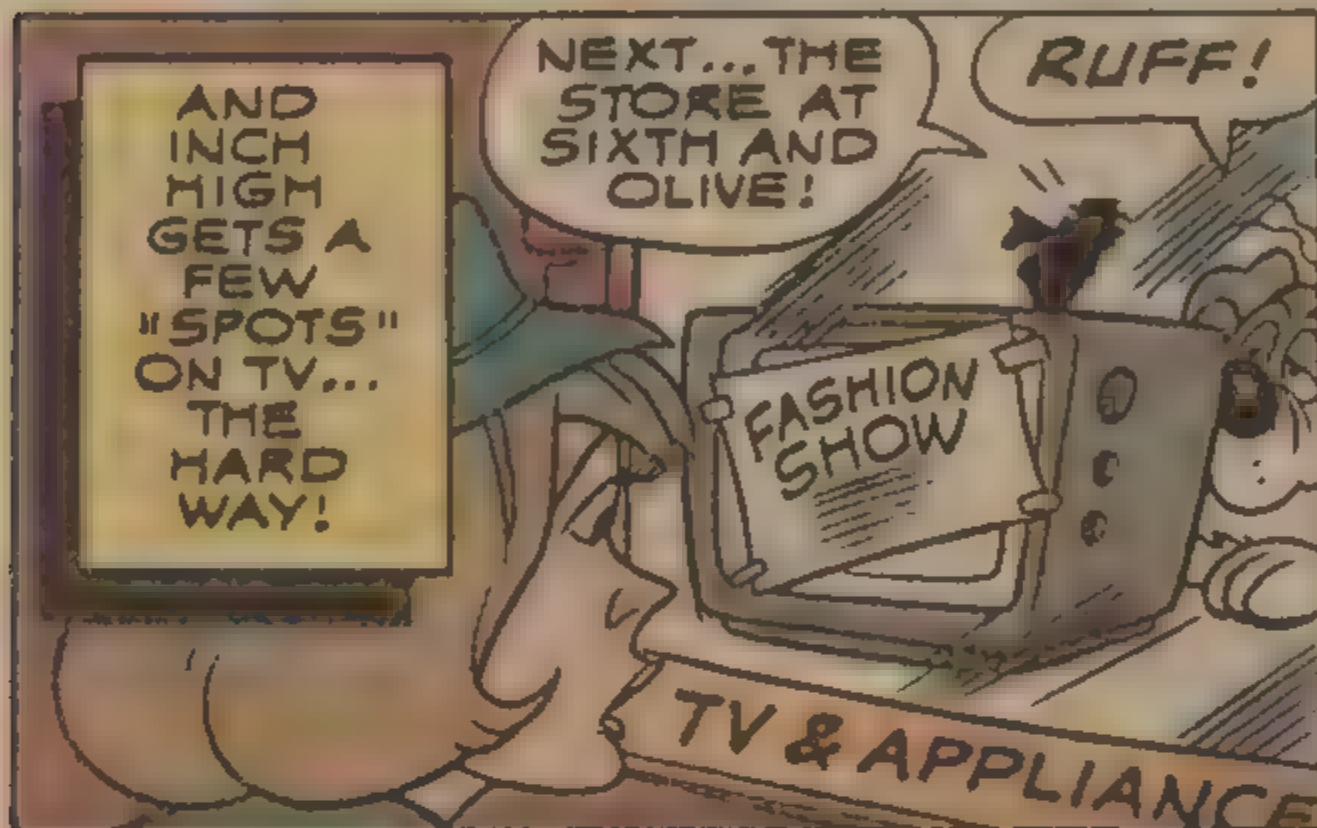
NEXT...THE STORE AT SIXTH AND OLIVE!

RUFF!

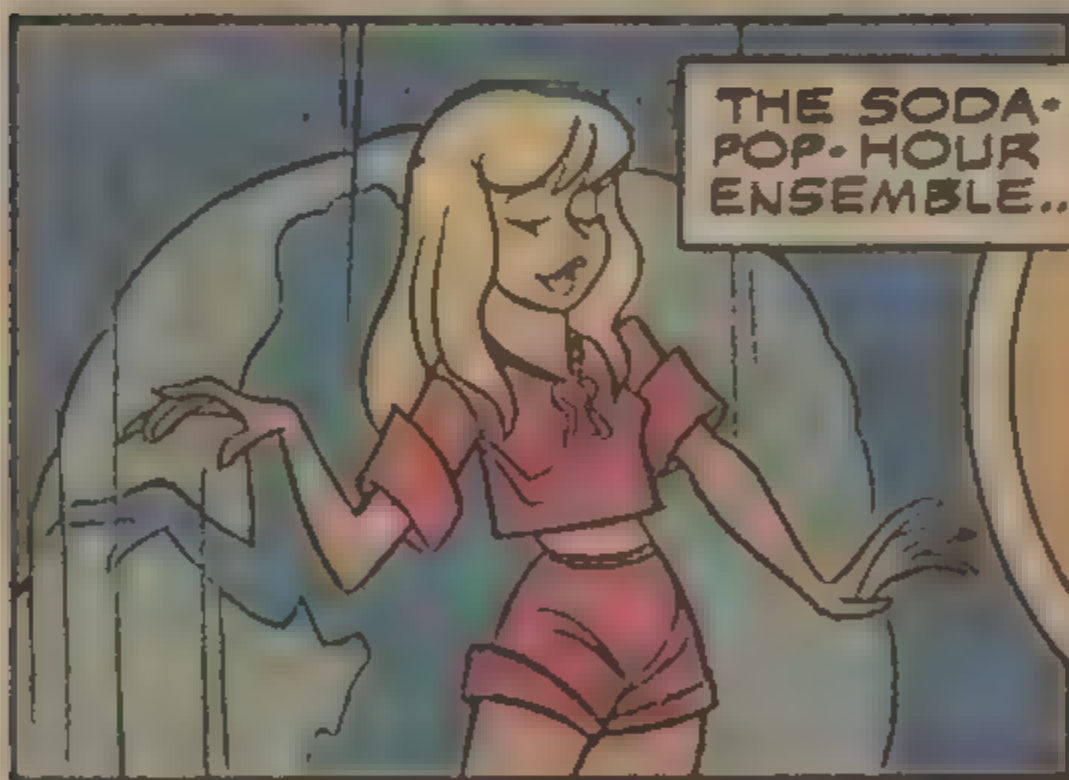
THE NIGHT OF LORI'S SHOW ARRIVES...

YOU TO LET US USE YOUR PLACE, PIERRE!

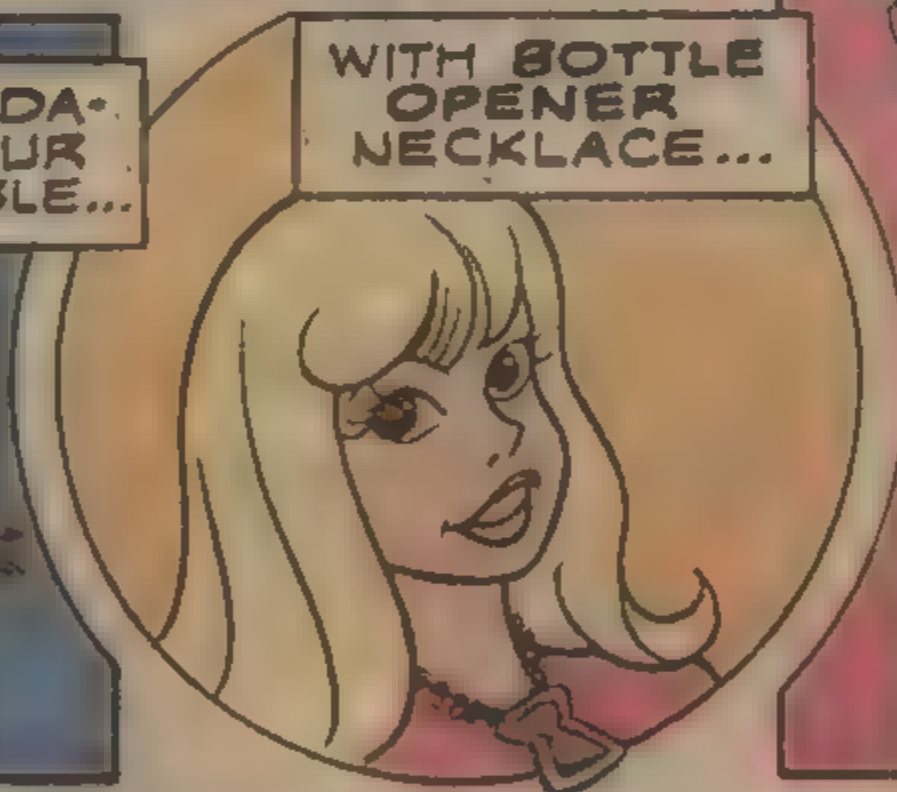
IT WAS NICE OF ANYTHING TO CATCH THE CROOK!



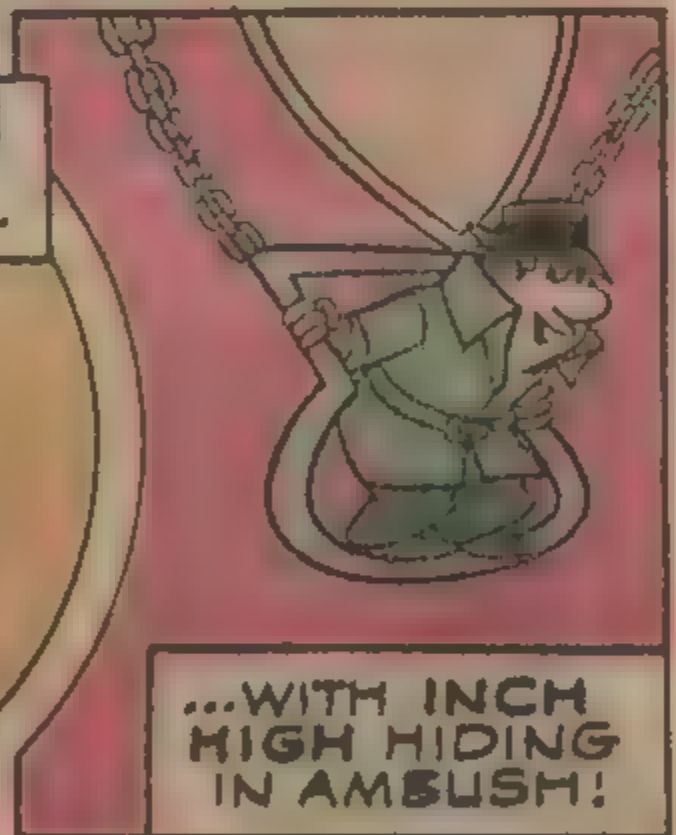
LORI MODELS A STUNNING ARRAY OF DESIGNS...



WITH BOTTLE OPENER NECKLACE...



...WITH INCH HIGH HIDING IN AMBUSH!



HER SPACE-OUT GOWN IS OUT OF THIS WORLD...

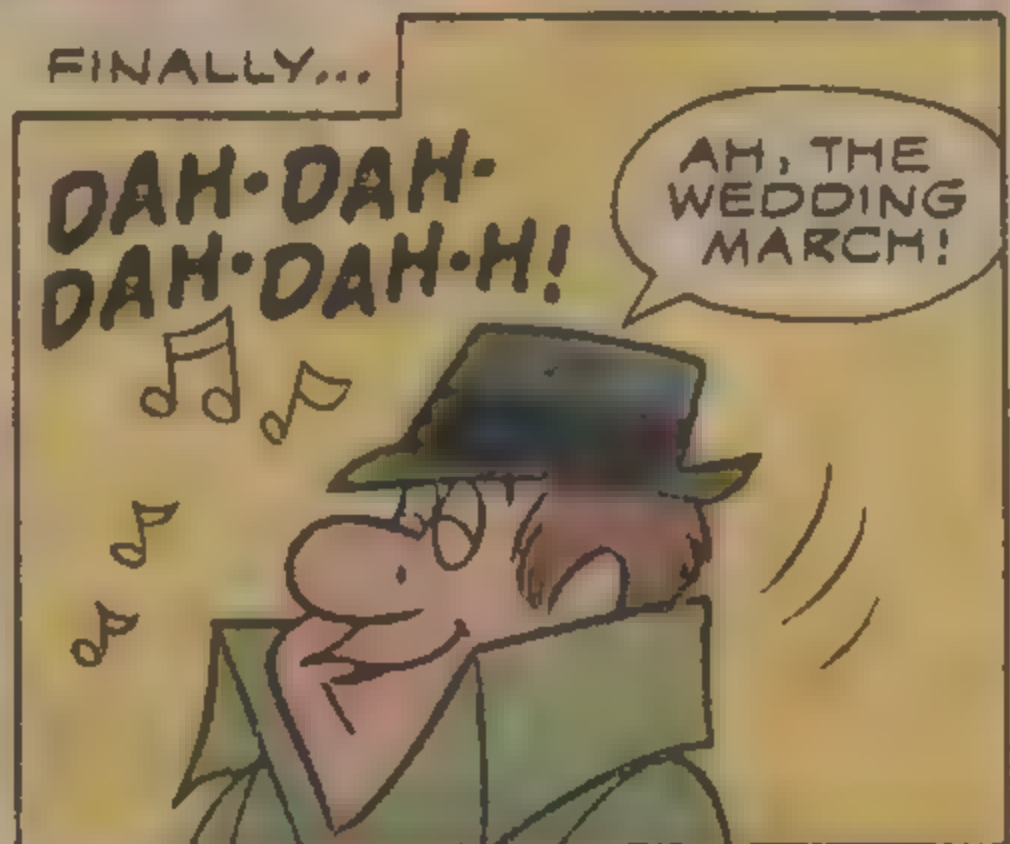


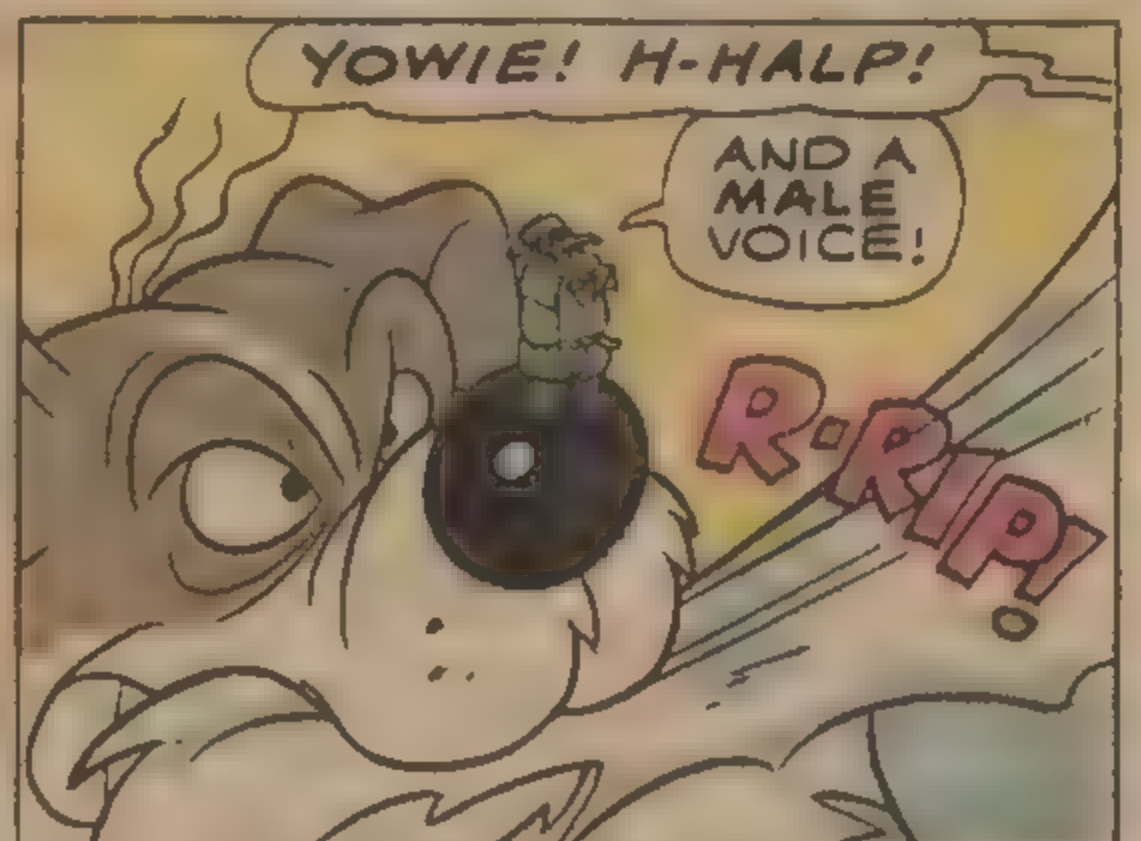
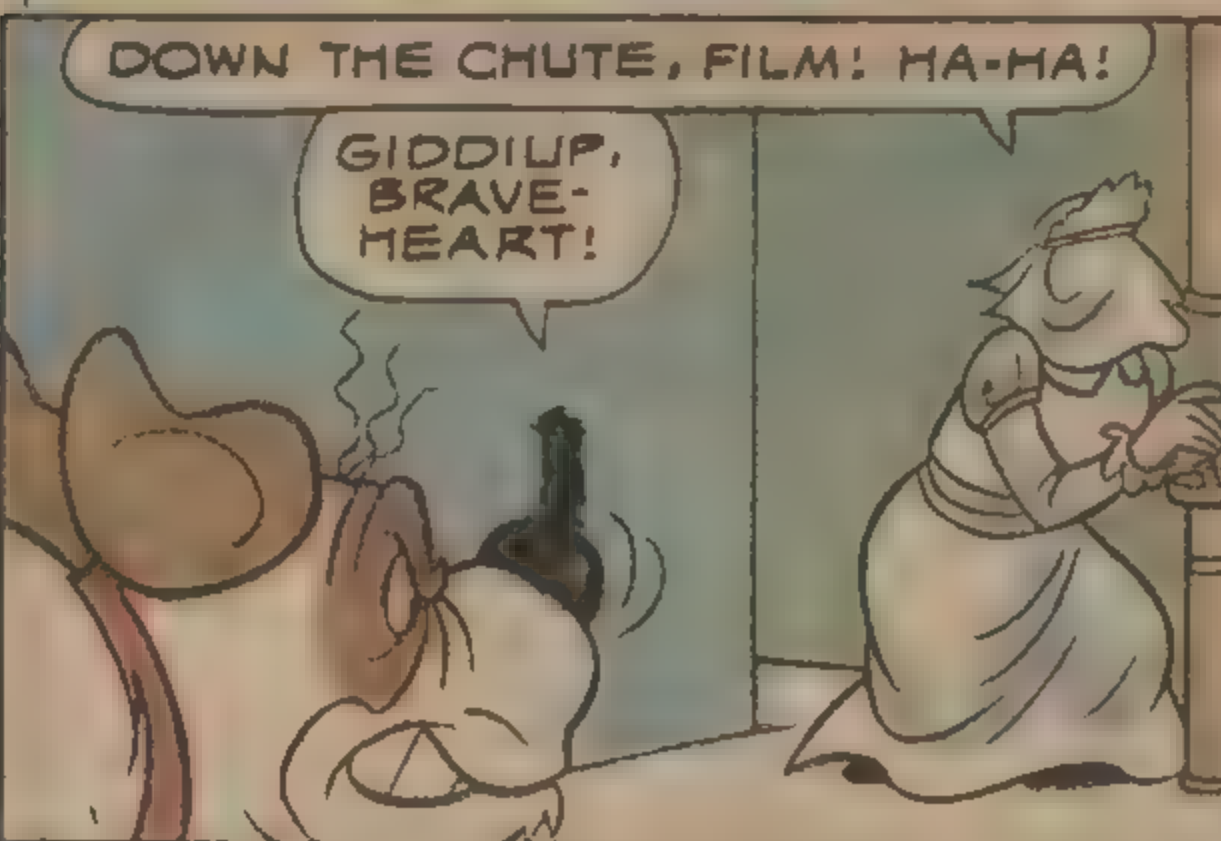
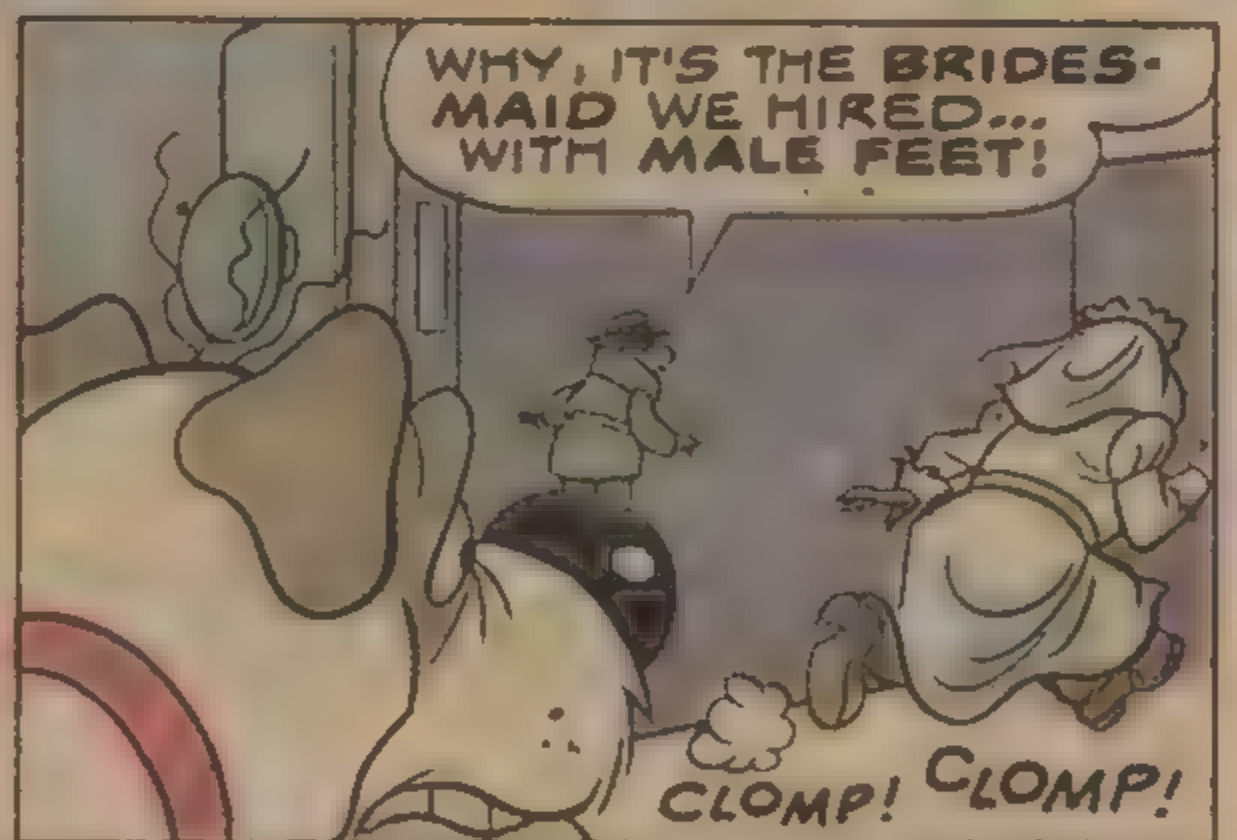
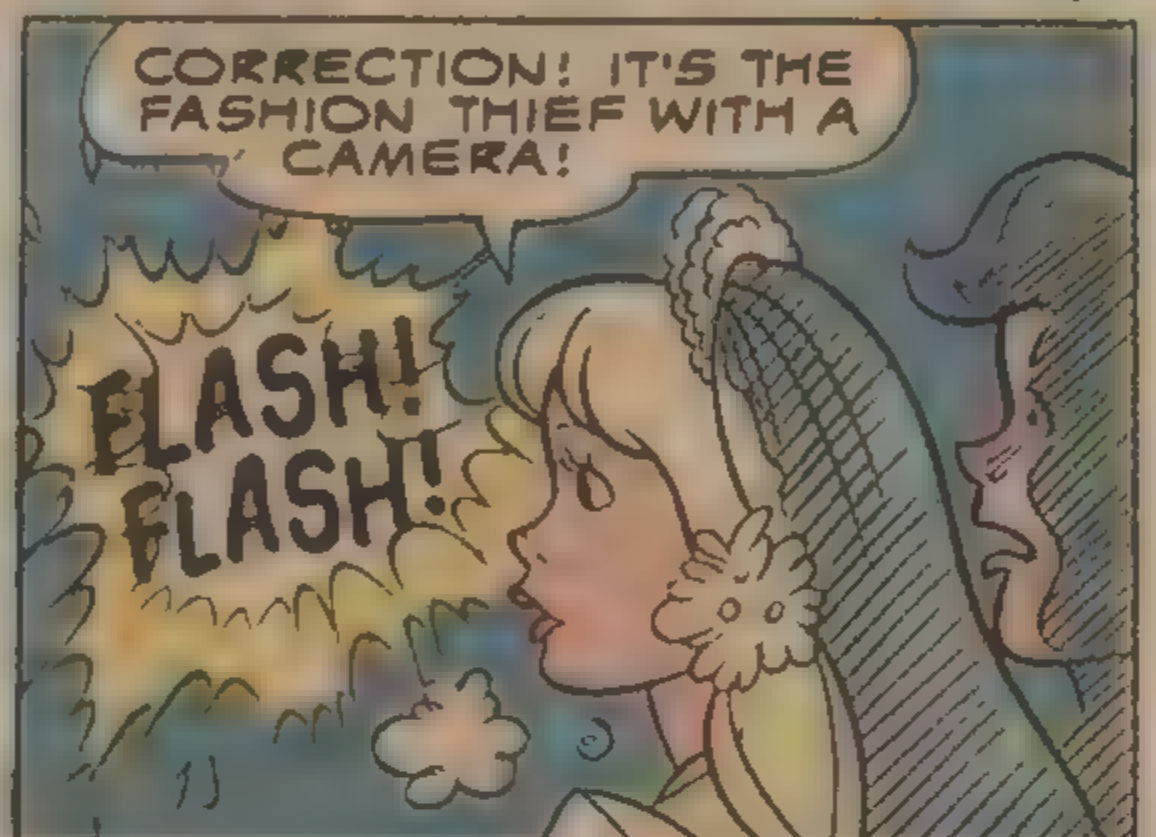
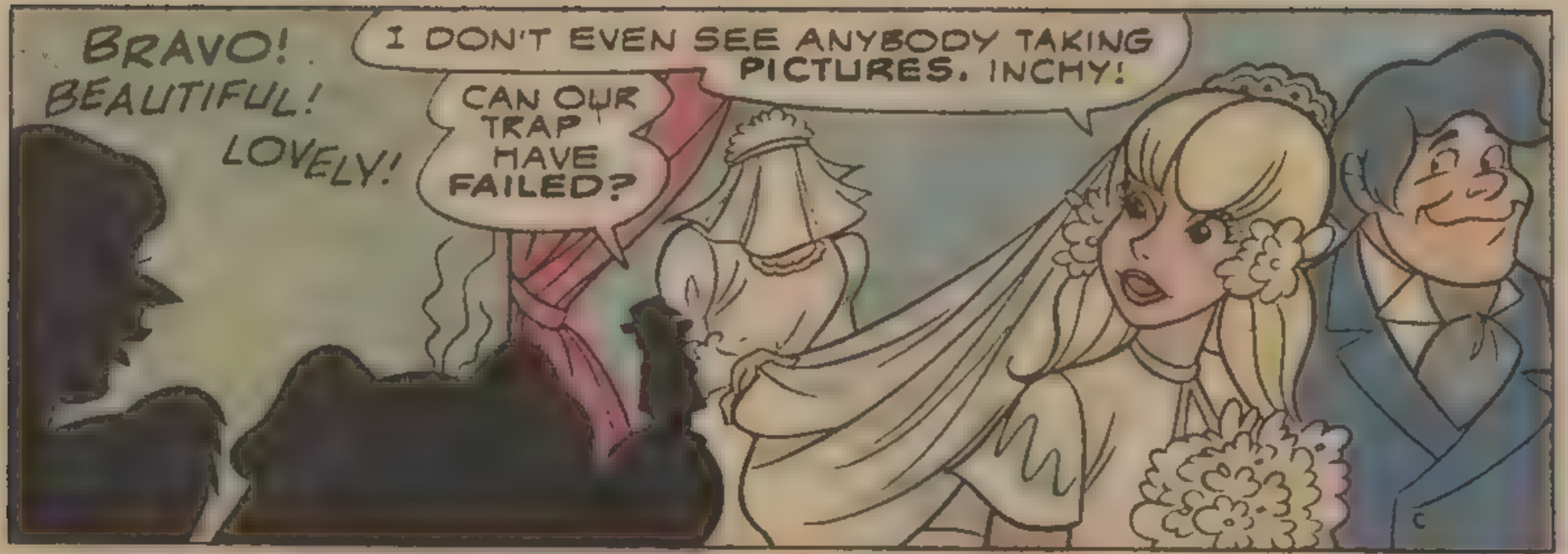
STILL NO SIGN OF FASHION FOUL PLAY!

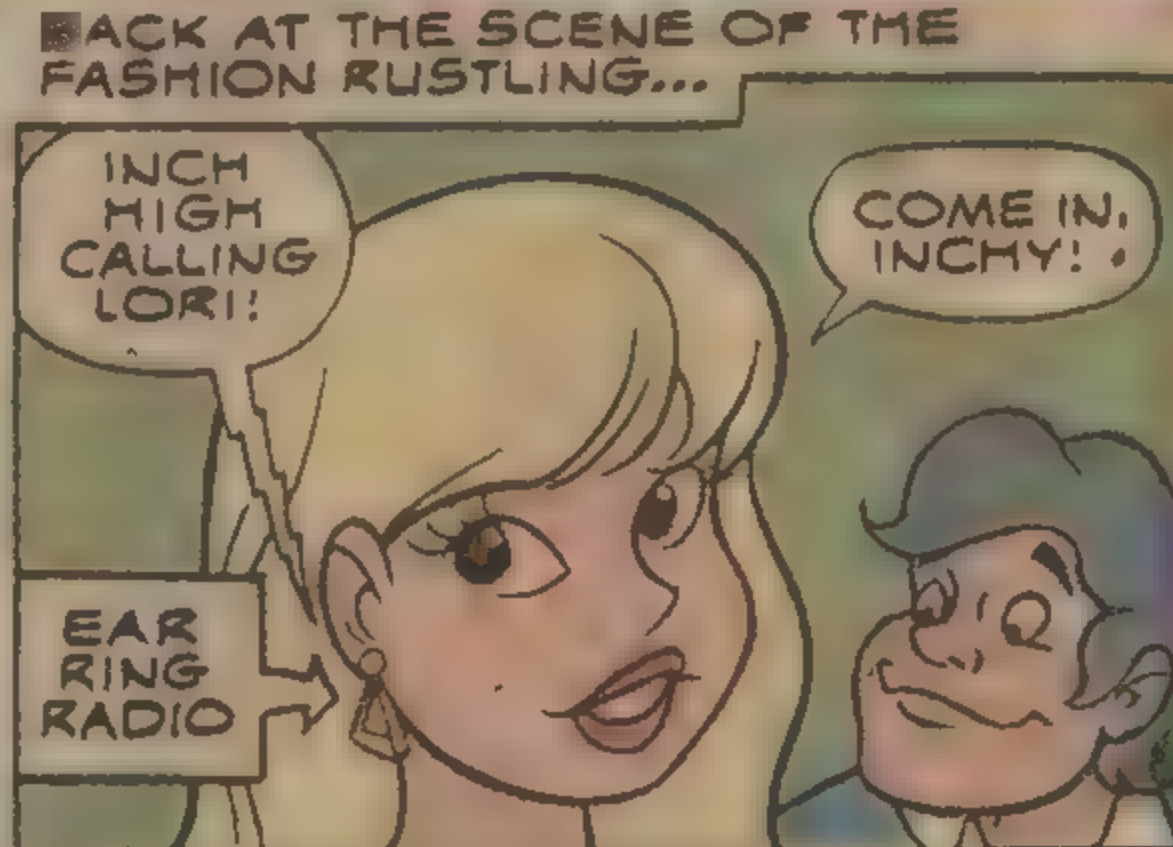
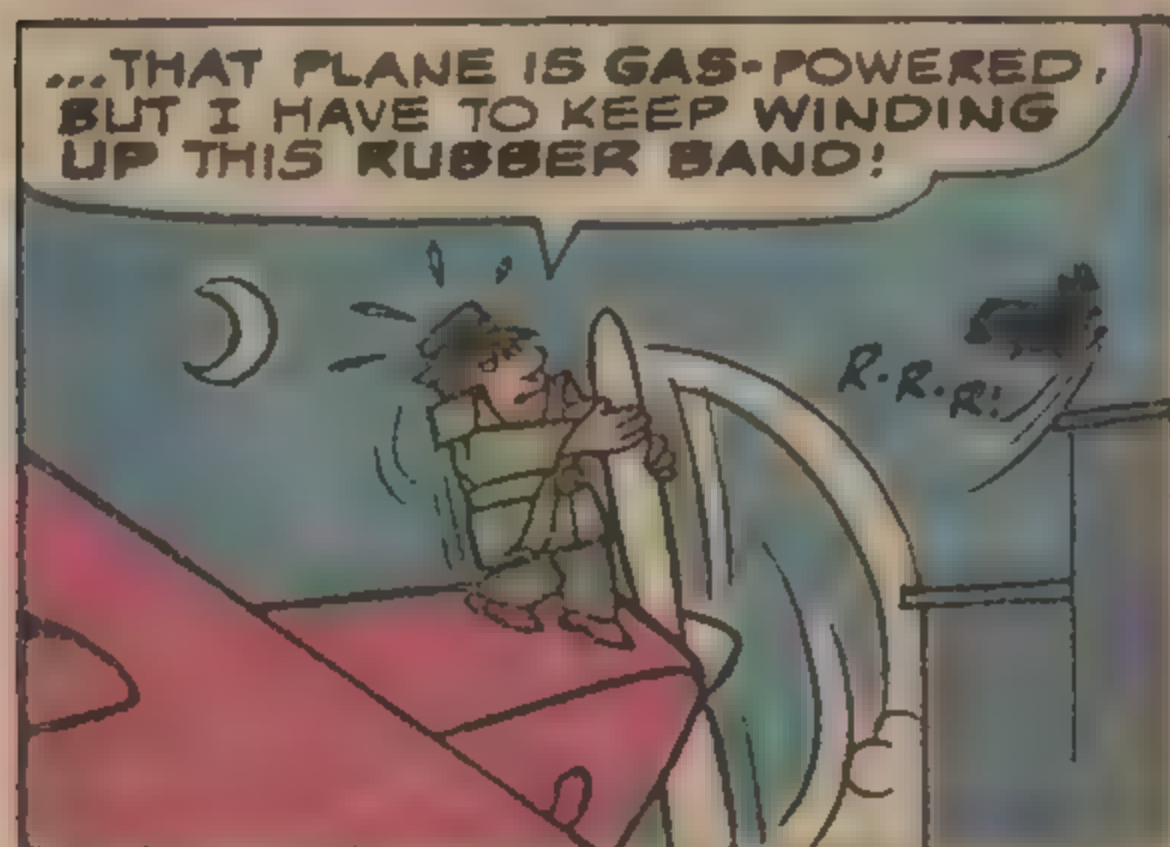
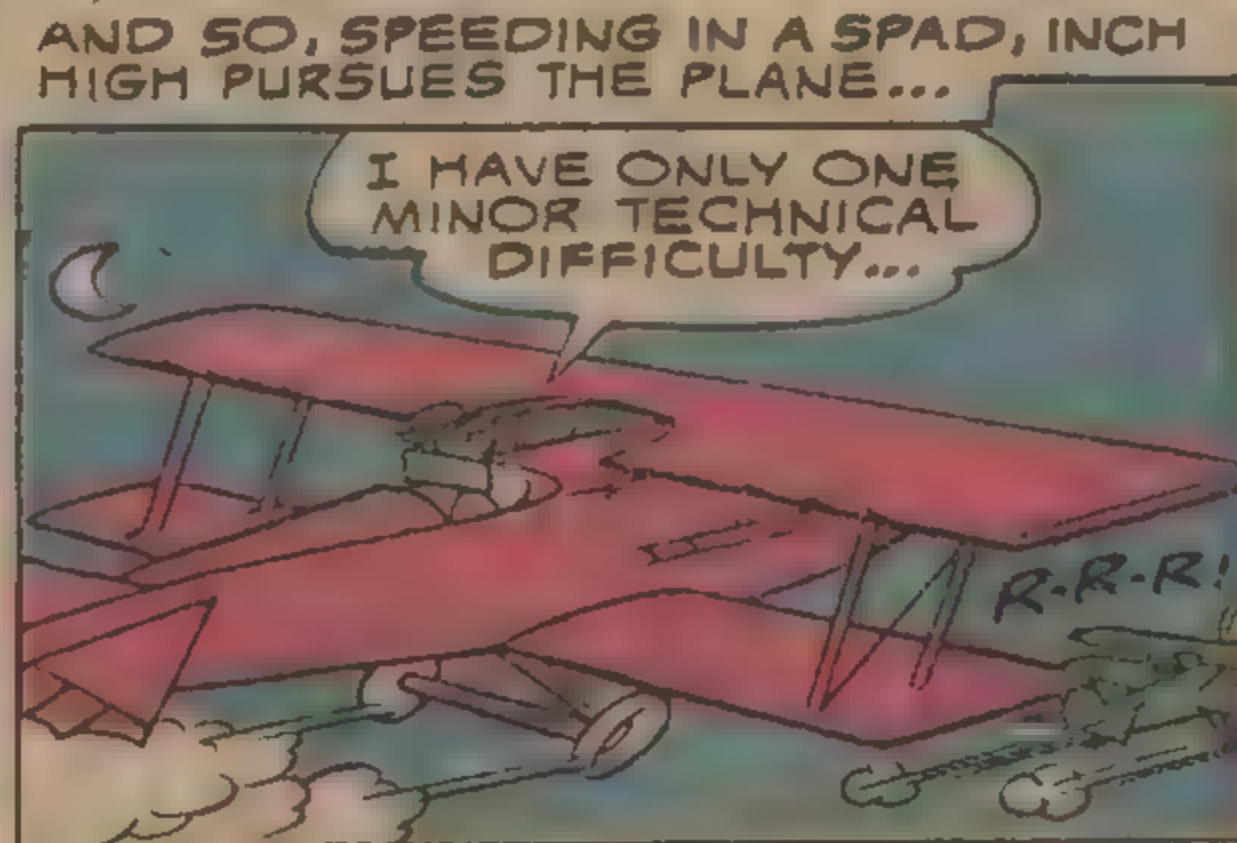
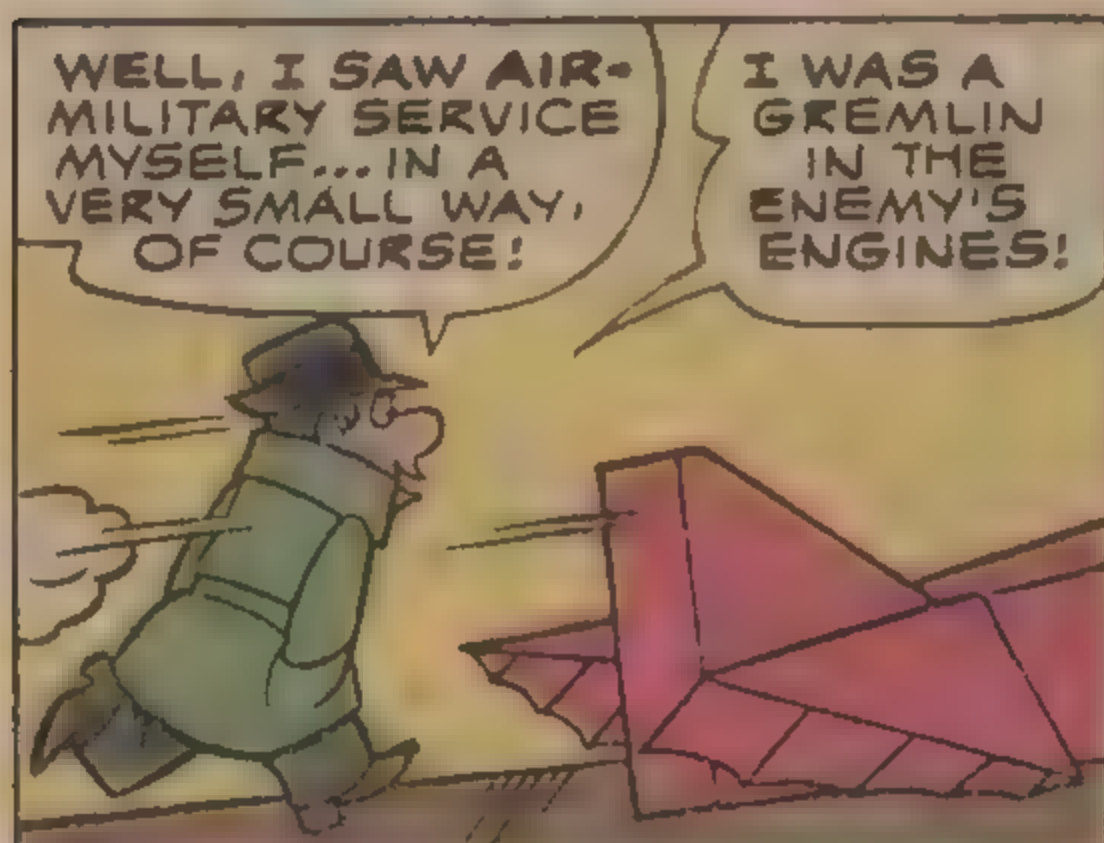
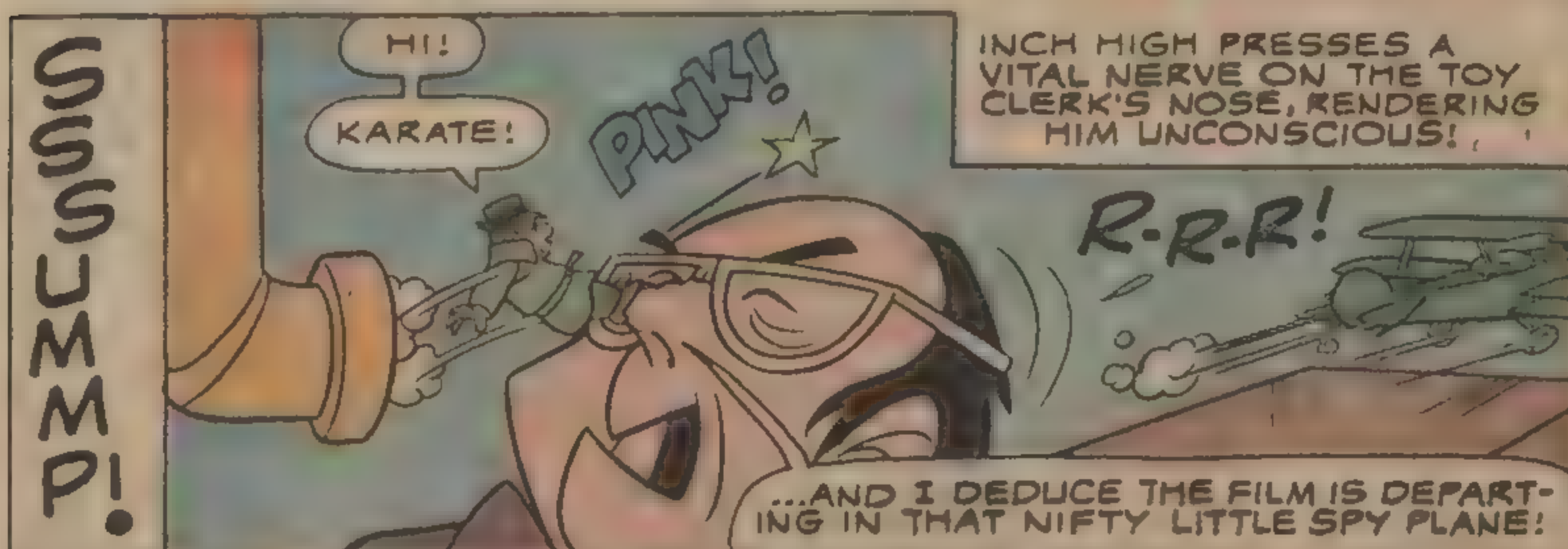
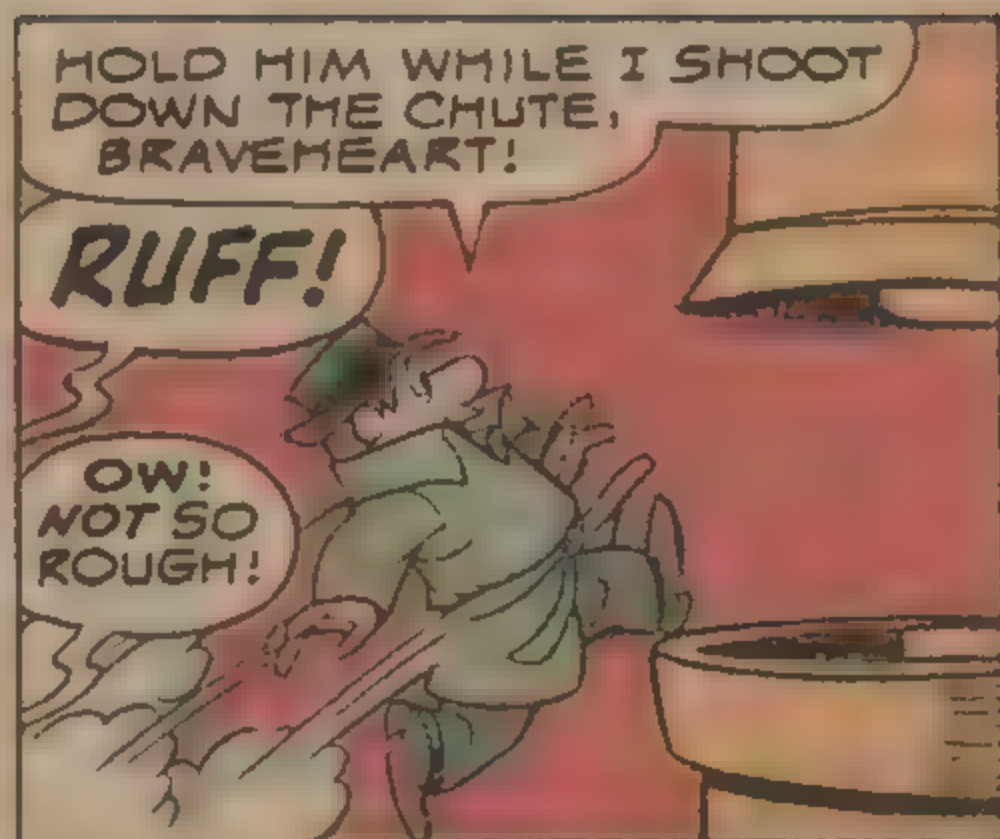
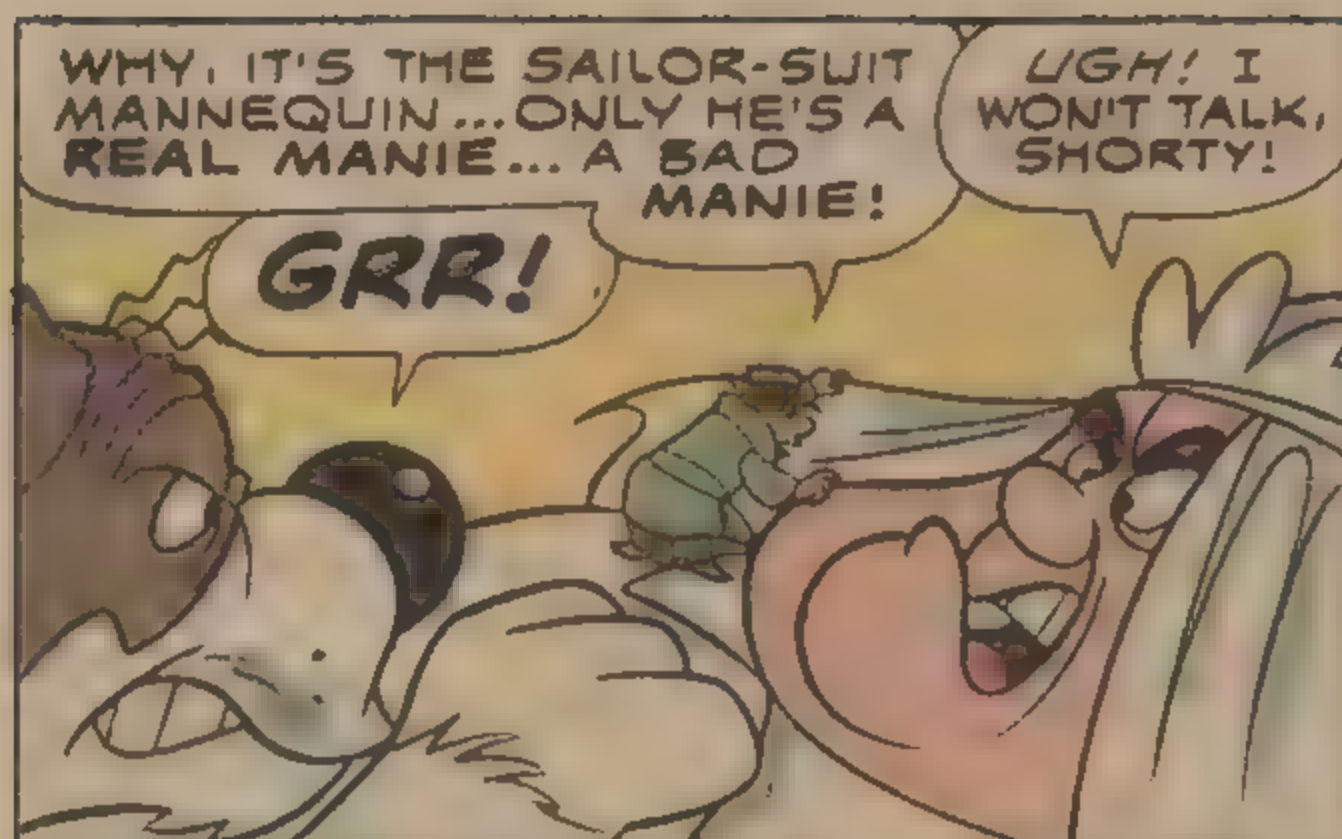
FINALLY...

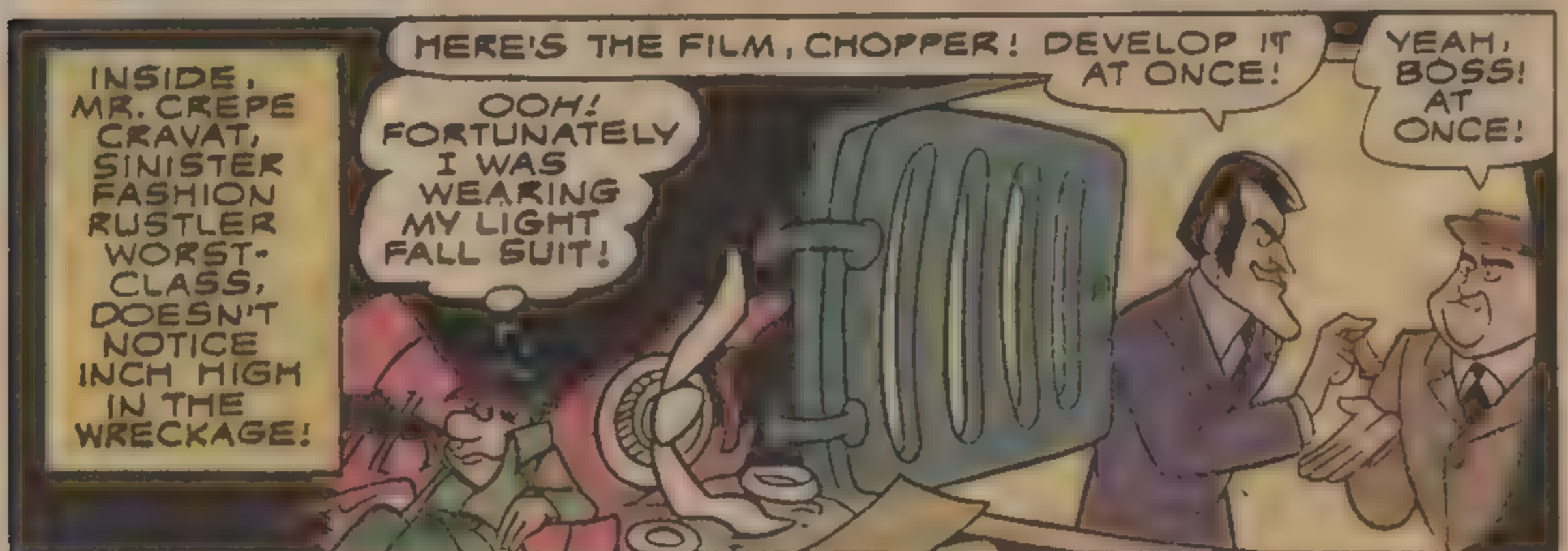
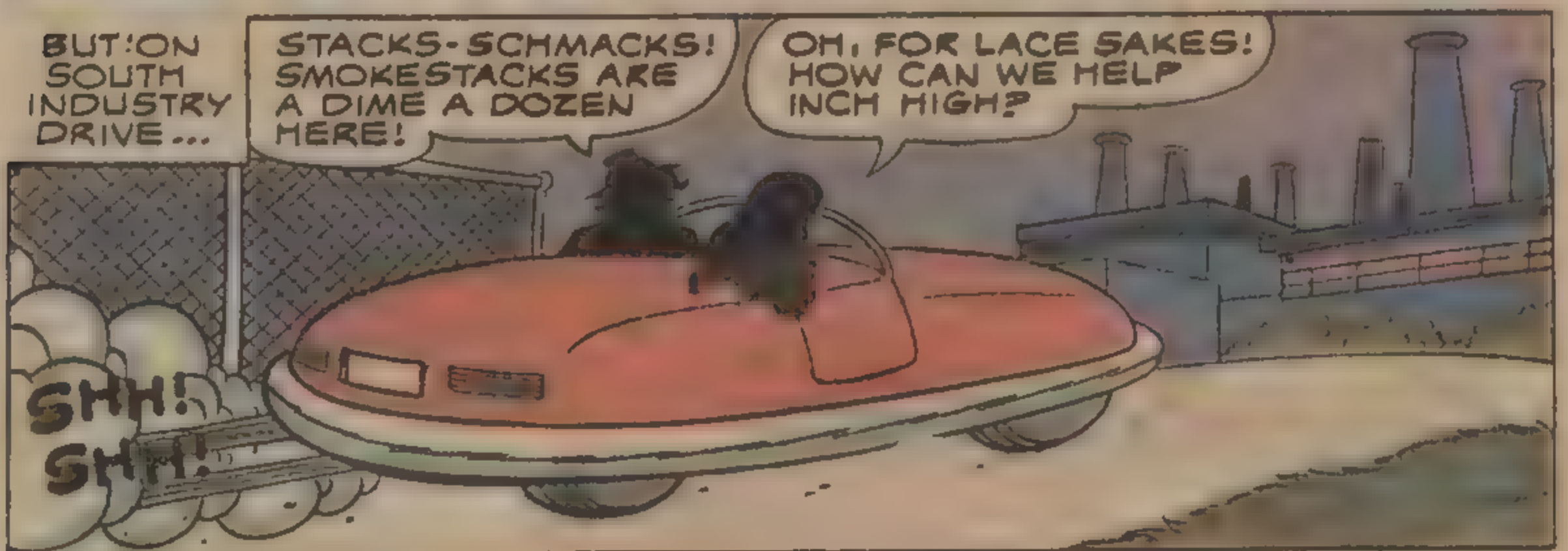
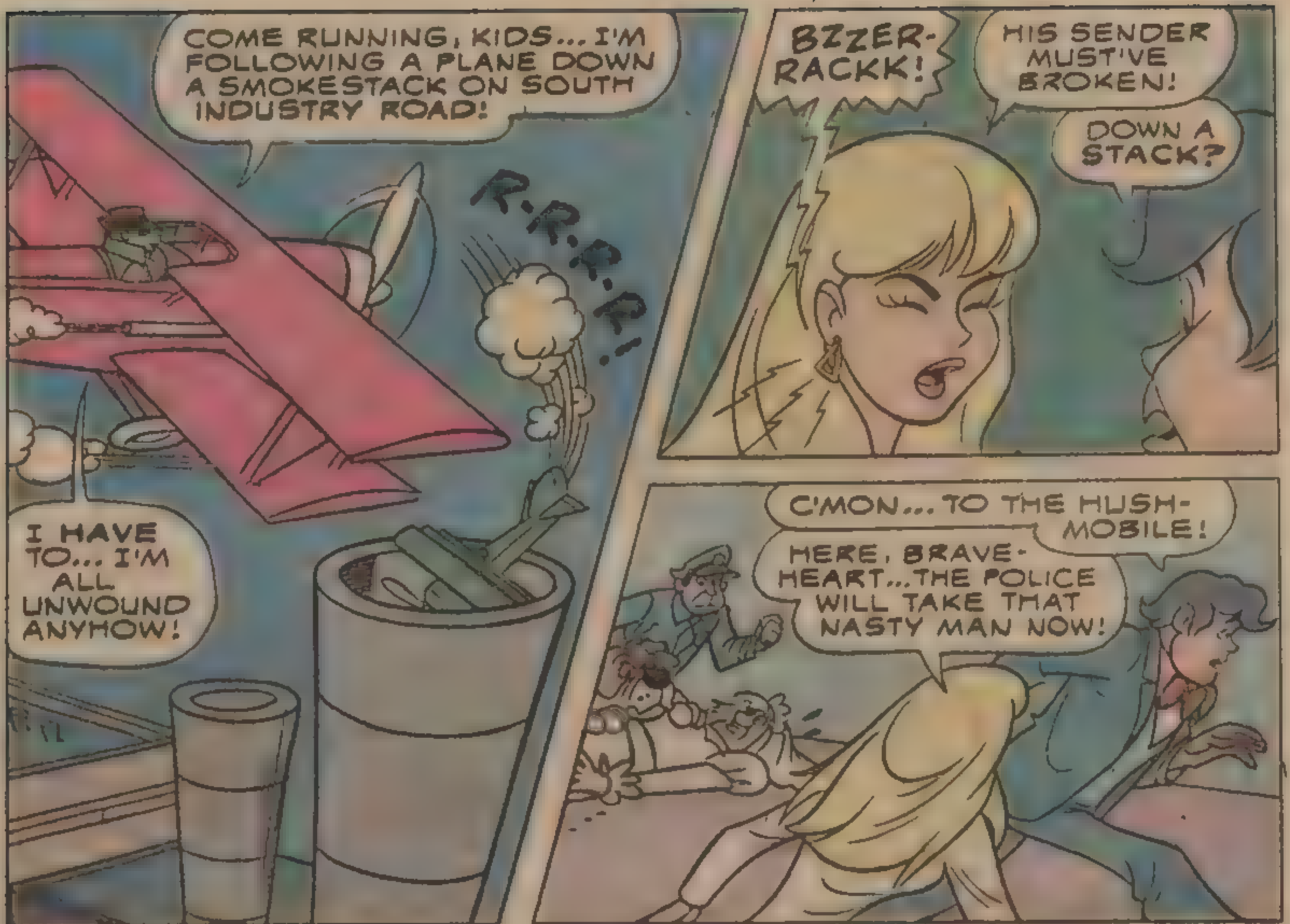
DAH-DAH-DAH-DAH-H!

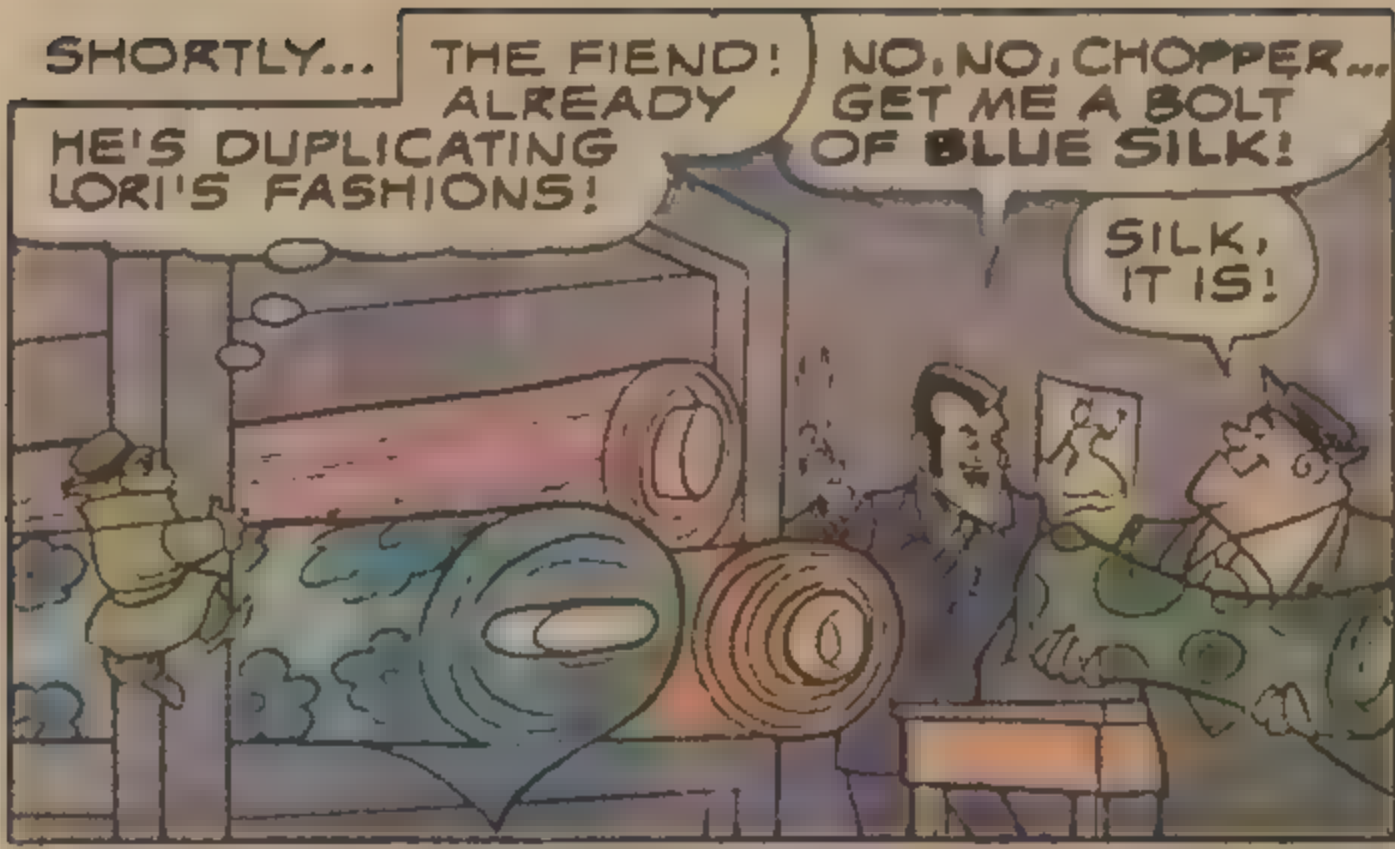
AH, THE WEDDING MARCH!







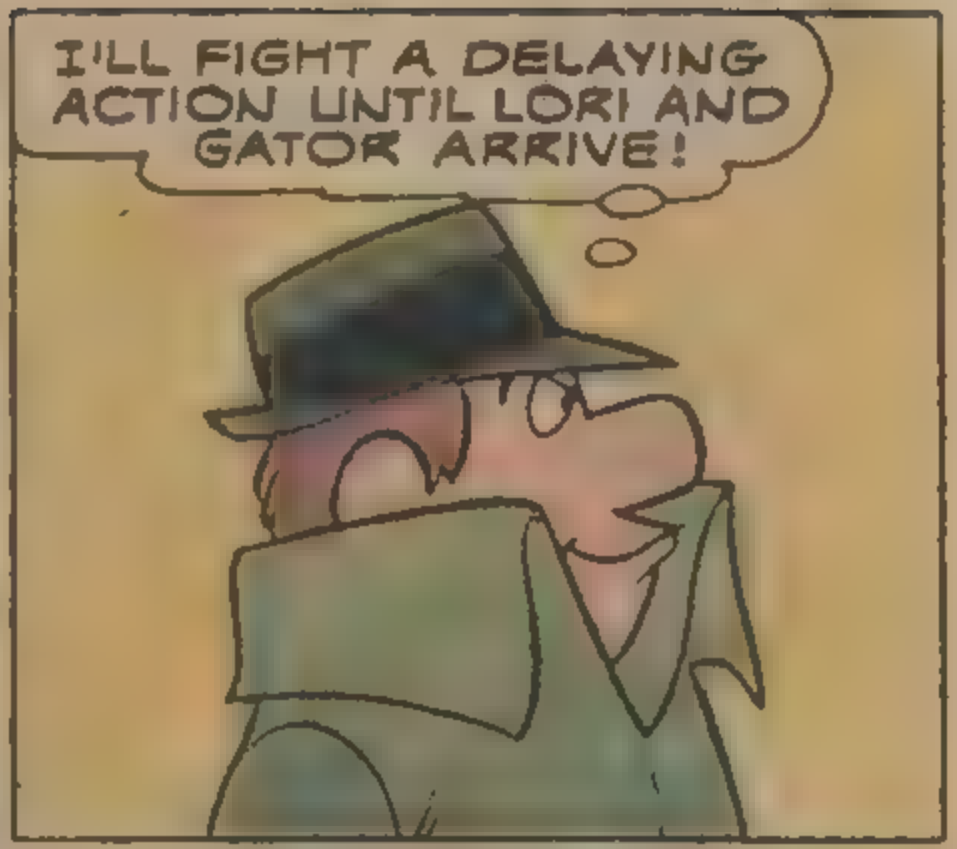




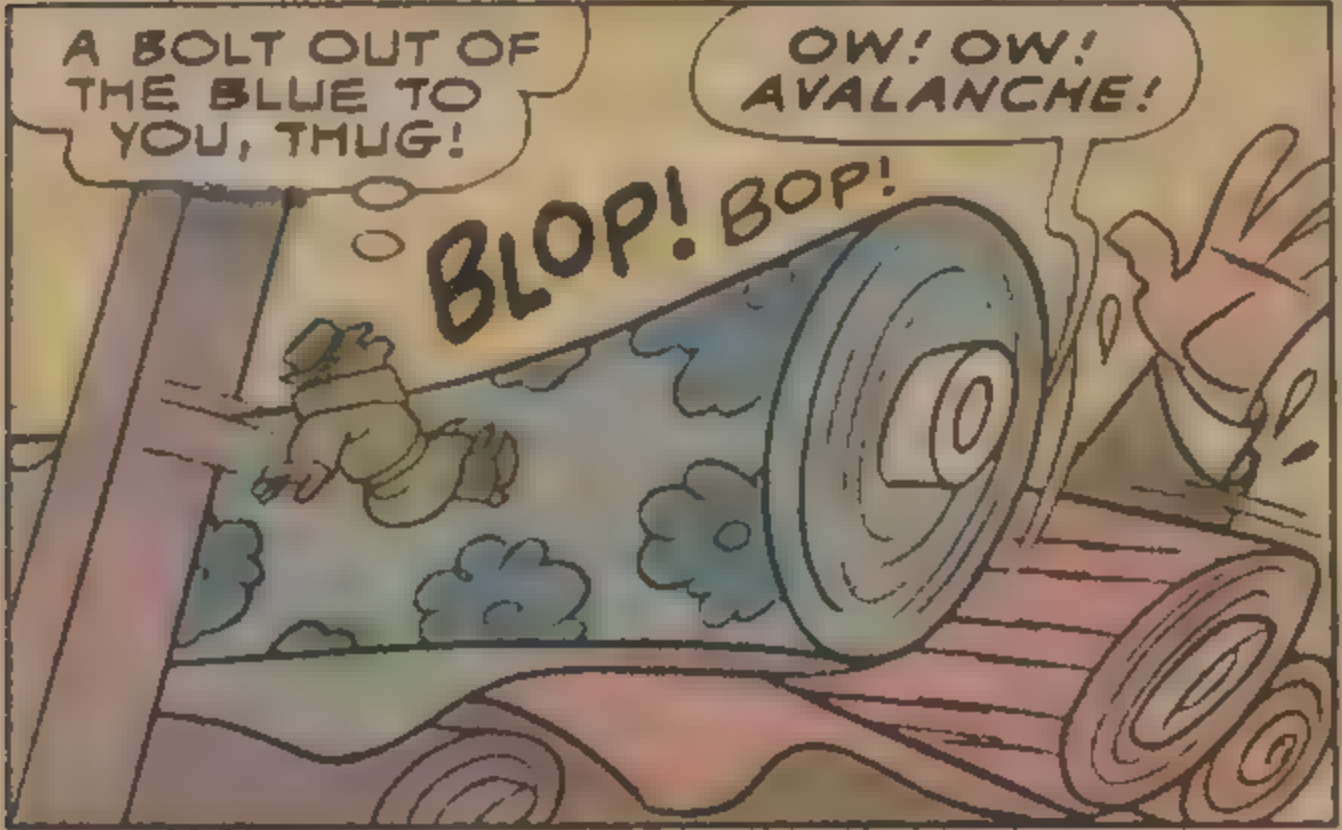
SHORTLY... THE FIEND! ALREADY HE'S DUPLICATING LORI'S FASHIONS!

NO, NO, CHOPPER... GET ME A BOLT OF BLUE SILK!

SILK, IT IS!



I'LL FIGHT A DELAYING ACTION UNTIL LORI AND GATOR ARRIVE!



A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE TO YOU, THUG!

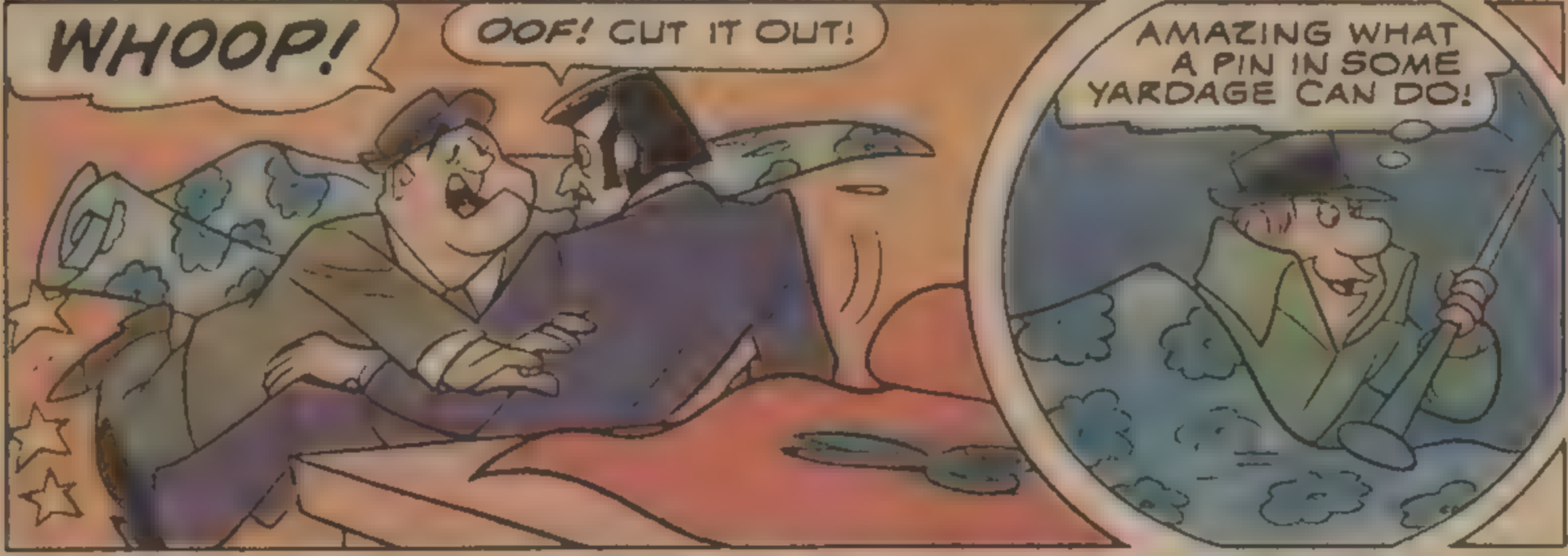
OW! OW! AVALANCHE!

BLOP! BOP!



FUMBLER! GET UP AND STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT MESS!

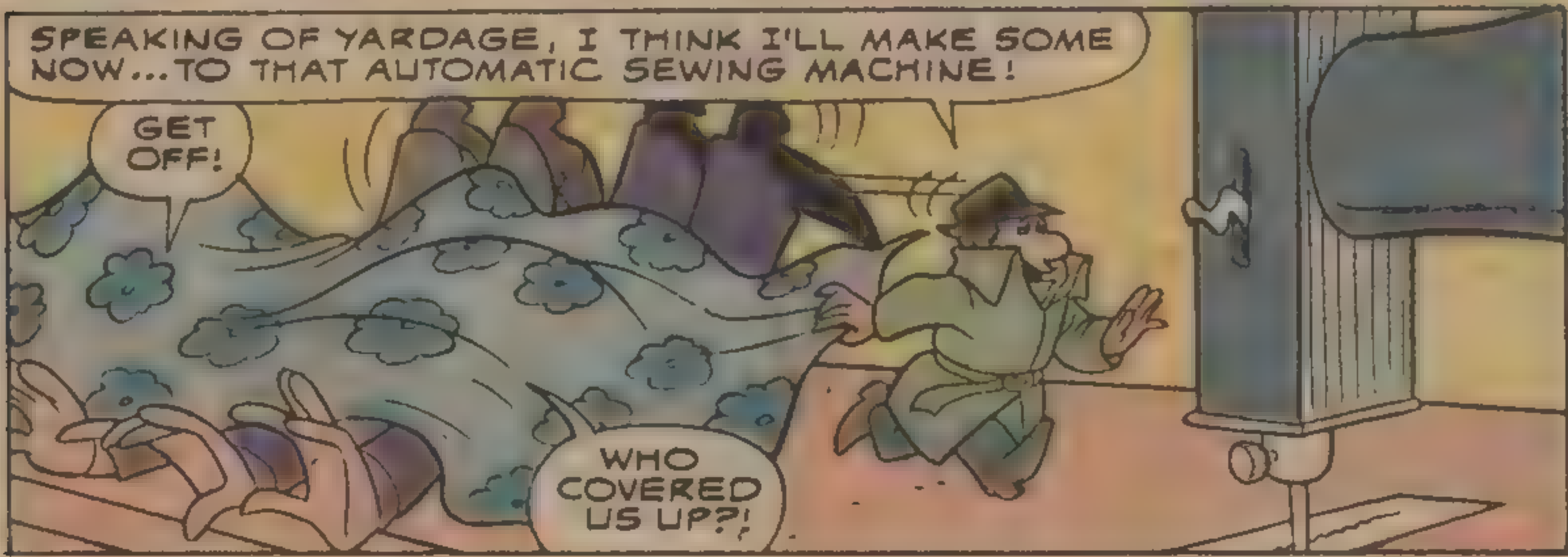
OOH!



WHOOP!

OOF! CUT IT OUT!

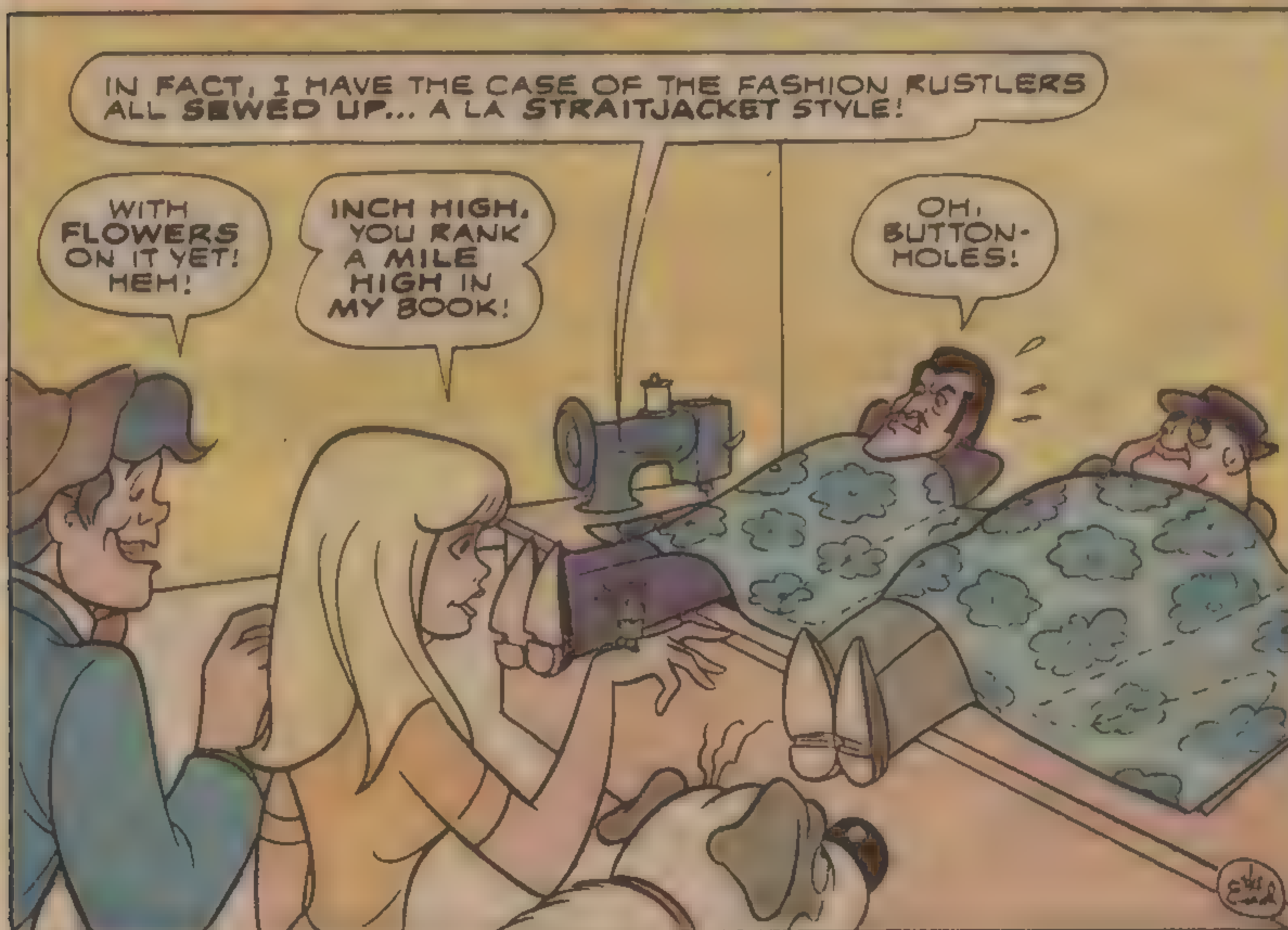
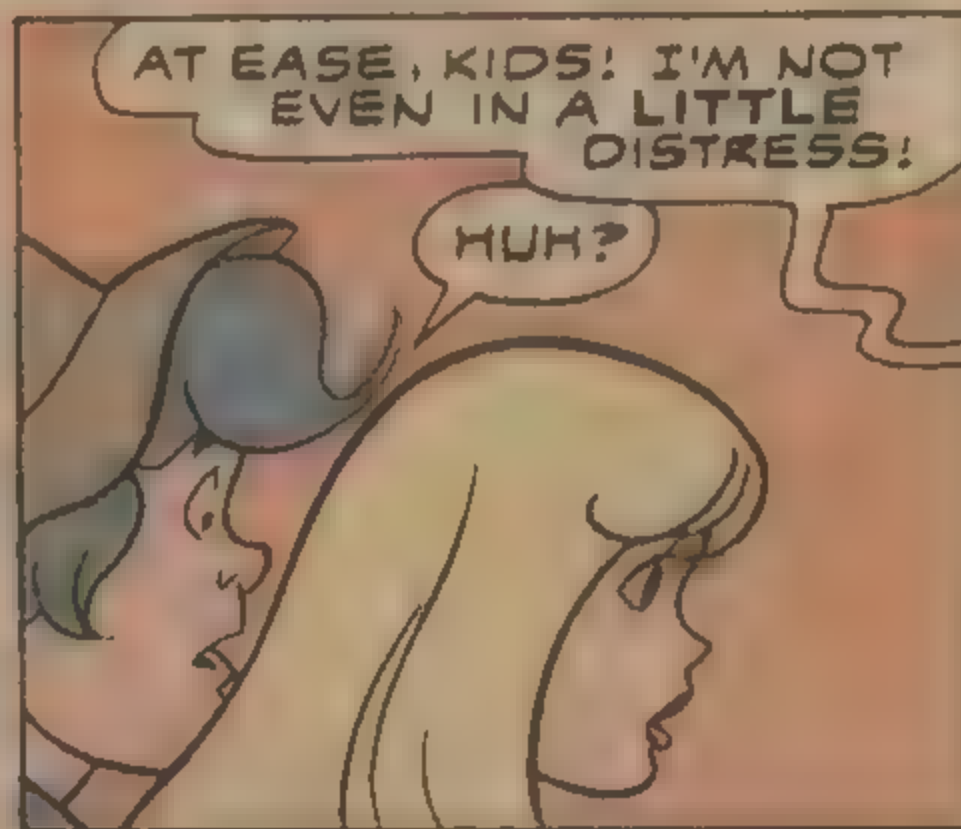
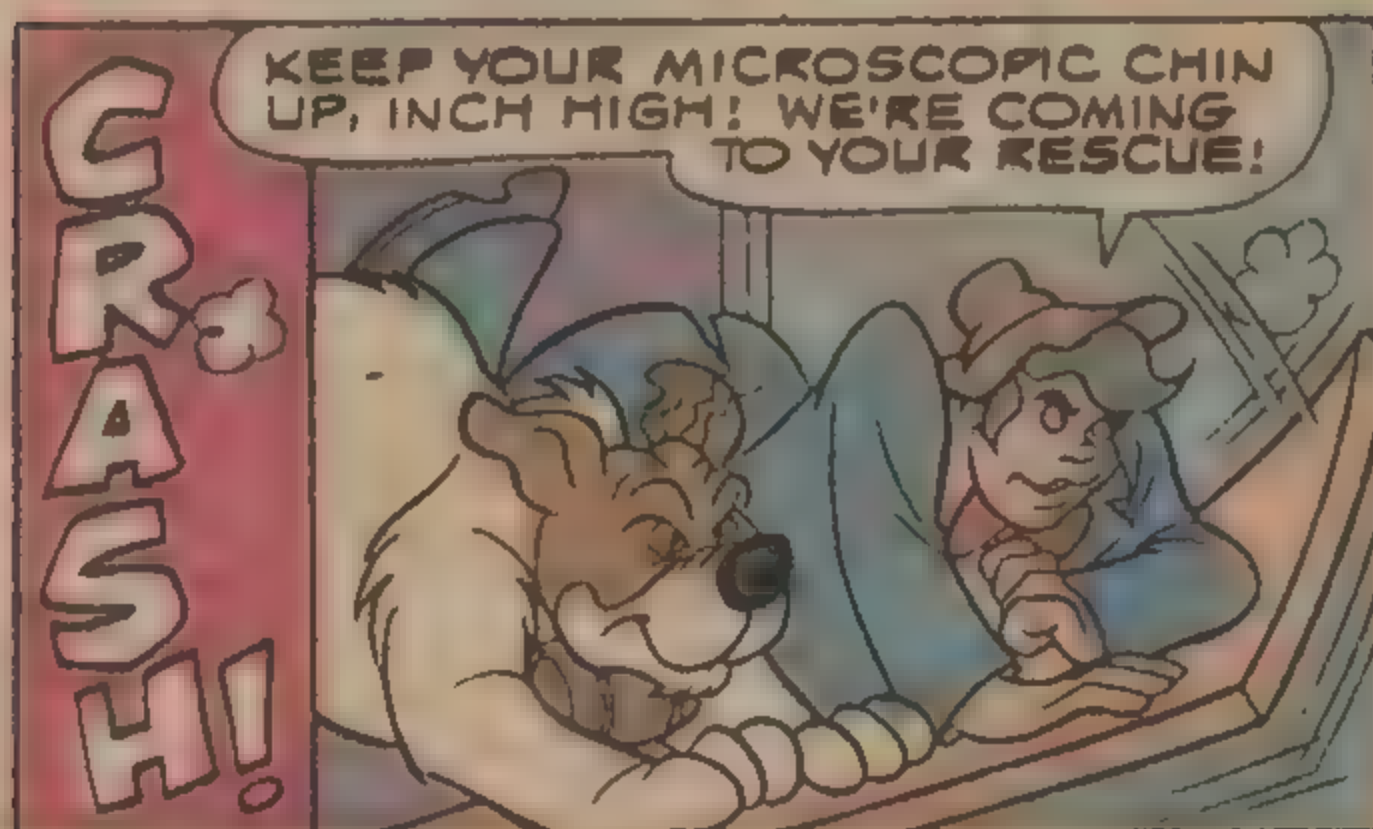
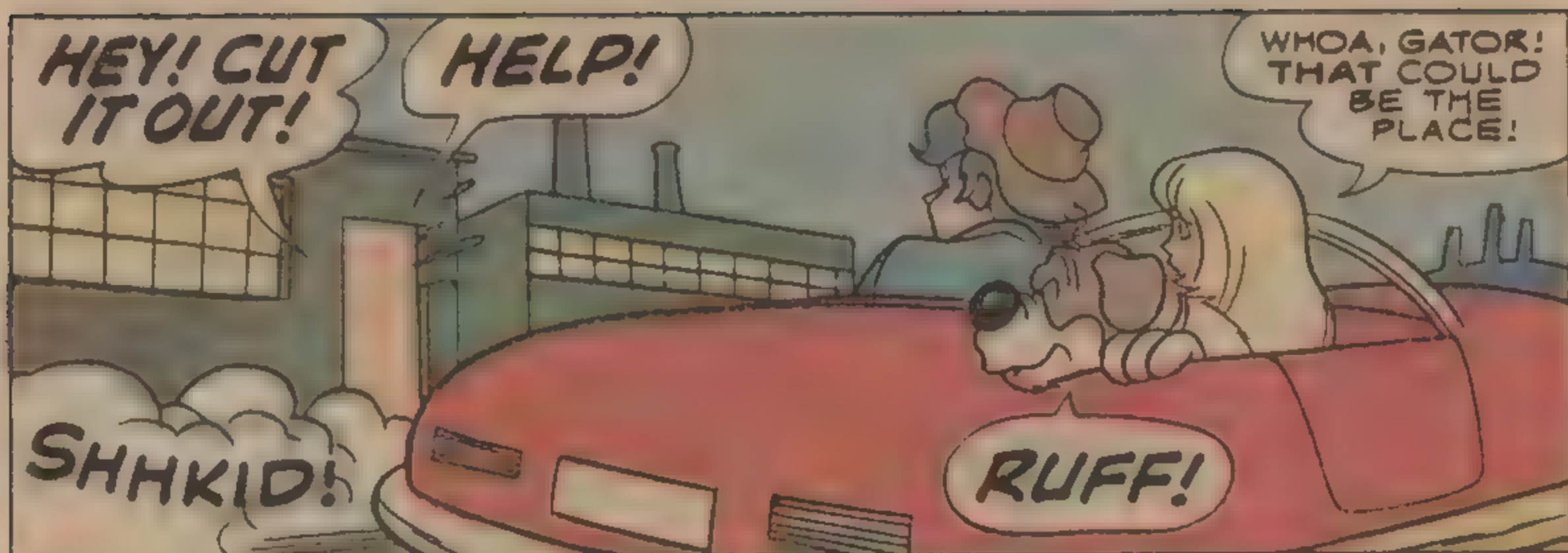
AMAZING WHAT A PIN IN SOME YARDAGE CAN DO!



SPEAKING OF YARDAGE, I THINK I'LL MAKE SOME NOW...TO THAT AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE!

GET OFF!

WHO COVERED US UP?!



Hanna-Barbera INCH HIGH PRIVATE EYE

GIVES CRIME-CO A BLACK-EYE

LORI, TAKE A LETTER TO THE LO-CALIBRE MUNITIONS COMPANY!

LORI?

YOO-HOO... LORI!

EH? HER PENCIL IS IDLE!

AND HER CHAIR IS VACANT!

AND SINCE SHE DOESN'T DRINK COFFEE! SHE CAN'T BE ON A COFFEE BREAK!

I'LL TRY CALLING LORI'S APARTMENT!

(HUFF! PUFF!) I ESPECIALLY MISS MY SECRETARY WHEN IT COMES TO DIALING!

CLICK!
CLICK!

AND A DIZZY-BIT-OF-DIALING LATER...

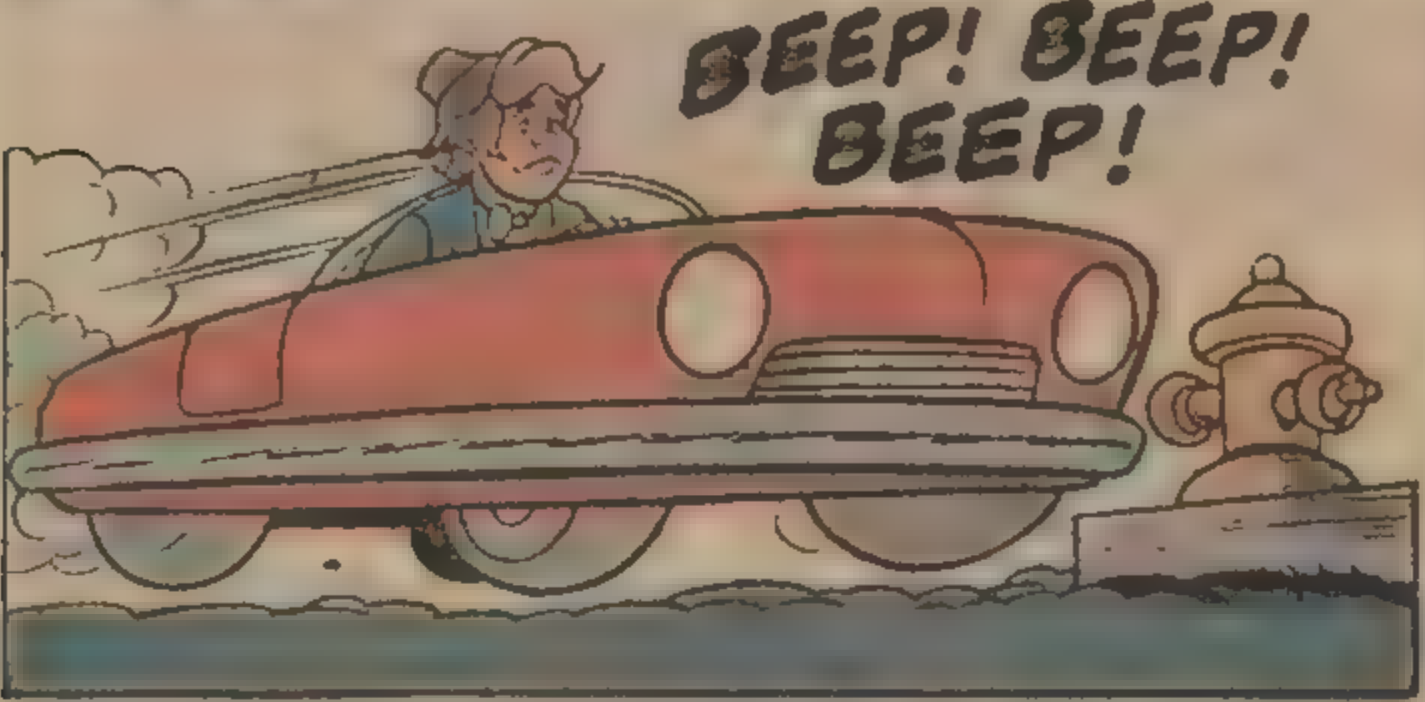
LORI DOESN'T ANSWER HER PHONE!

BUZZ! BUZZ!
BUZZ!

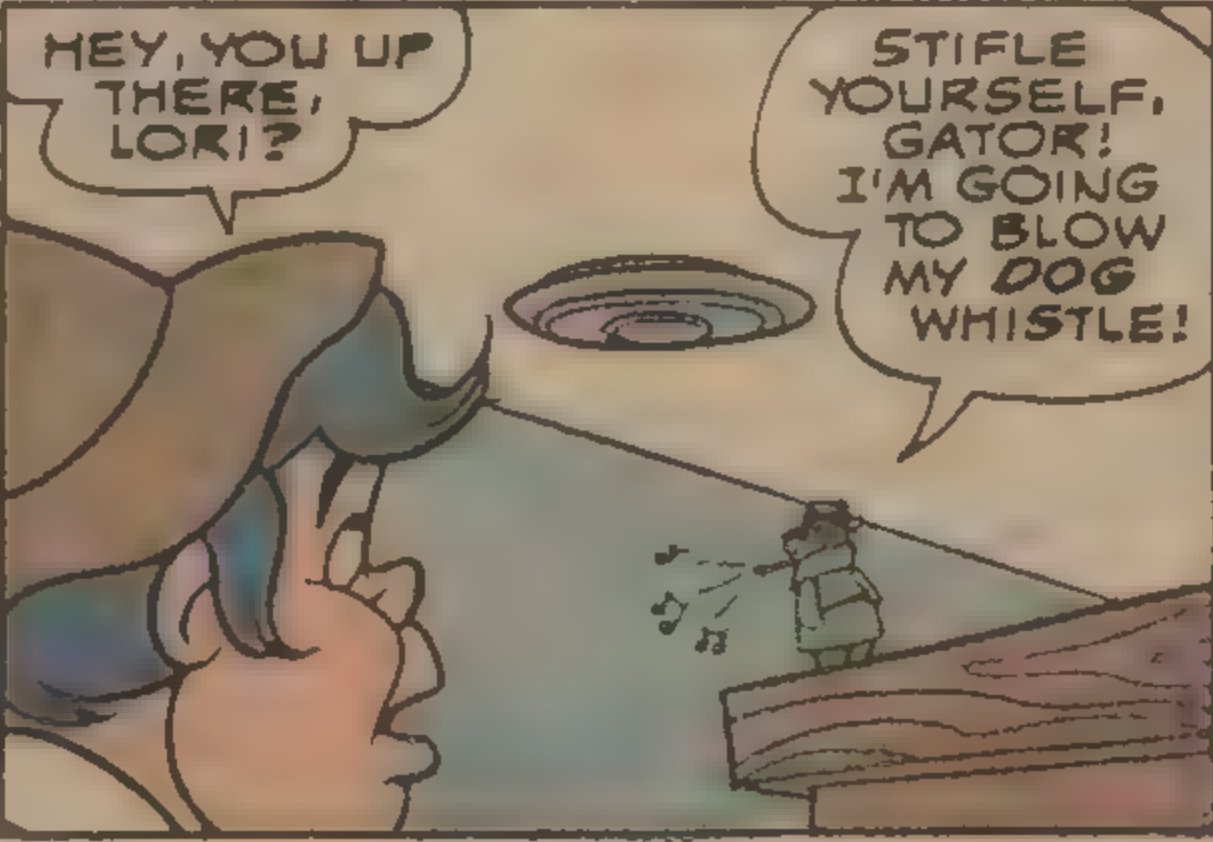
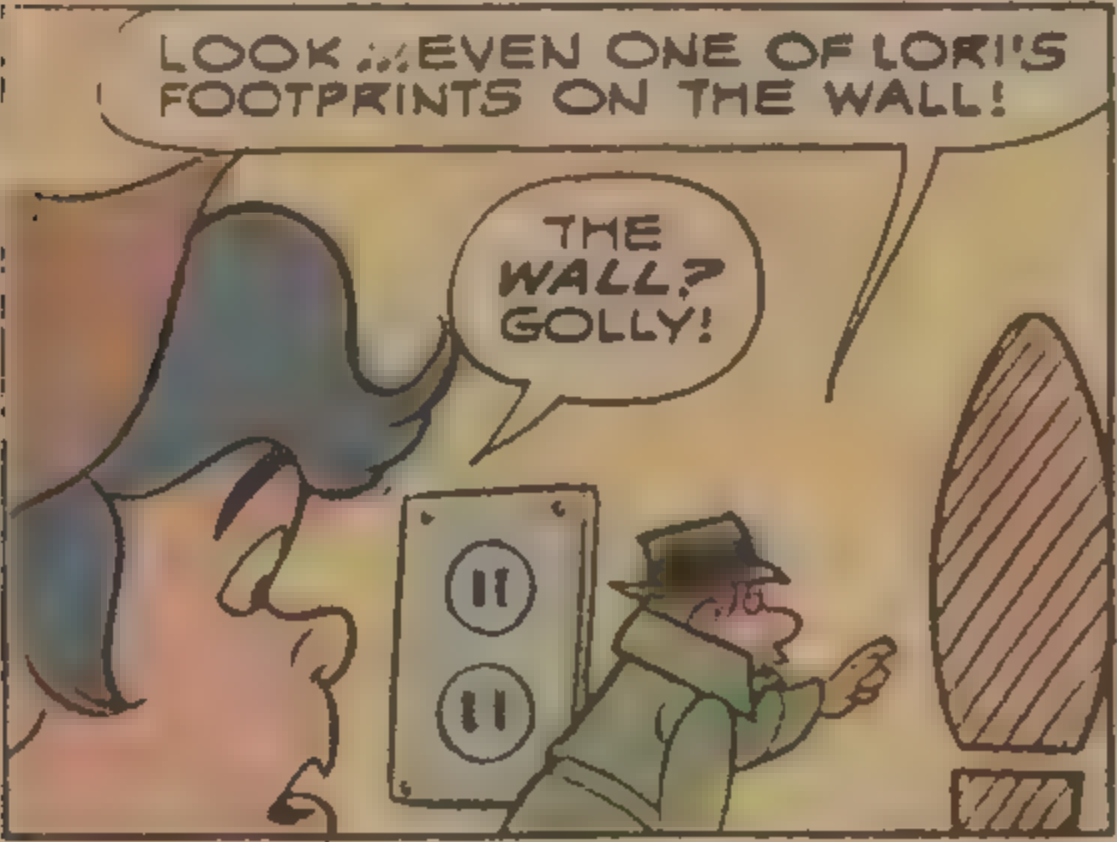
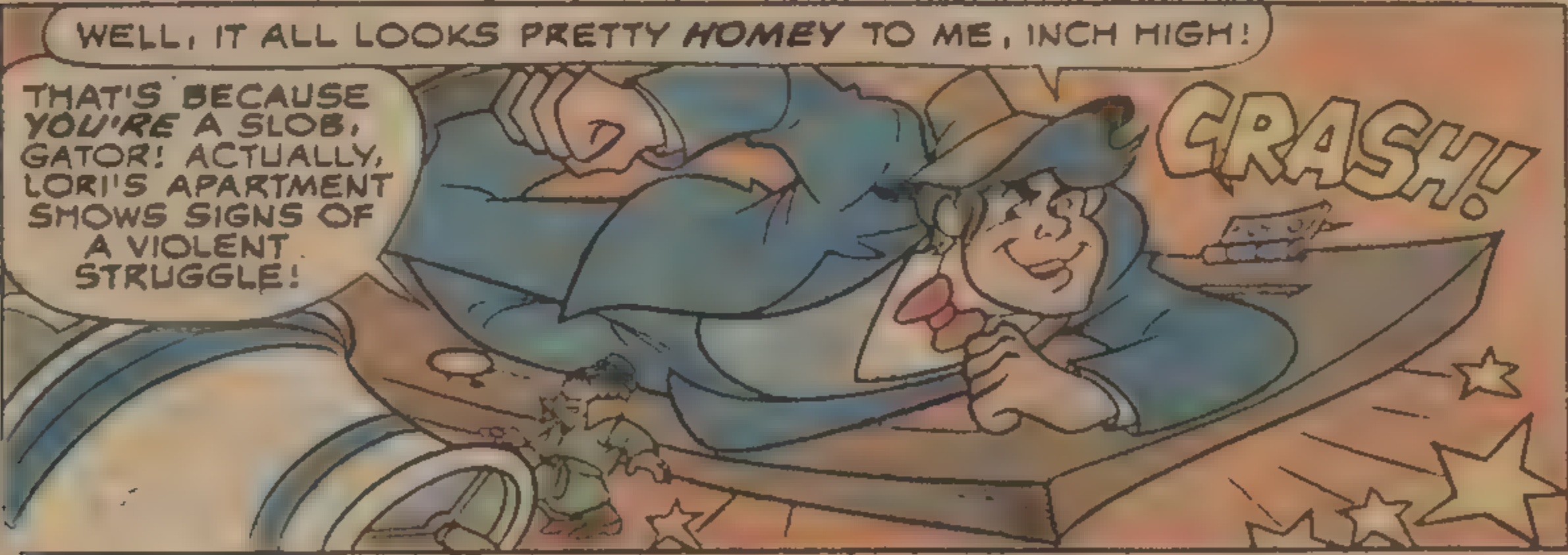
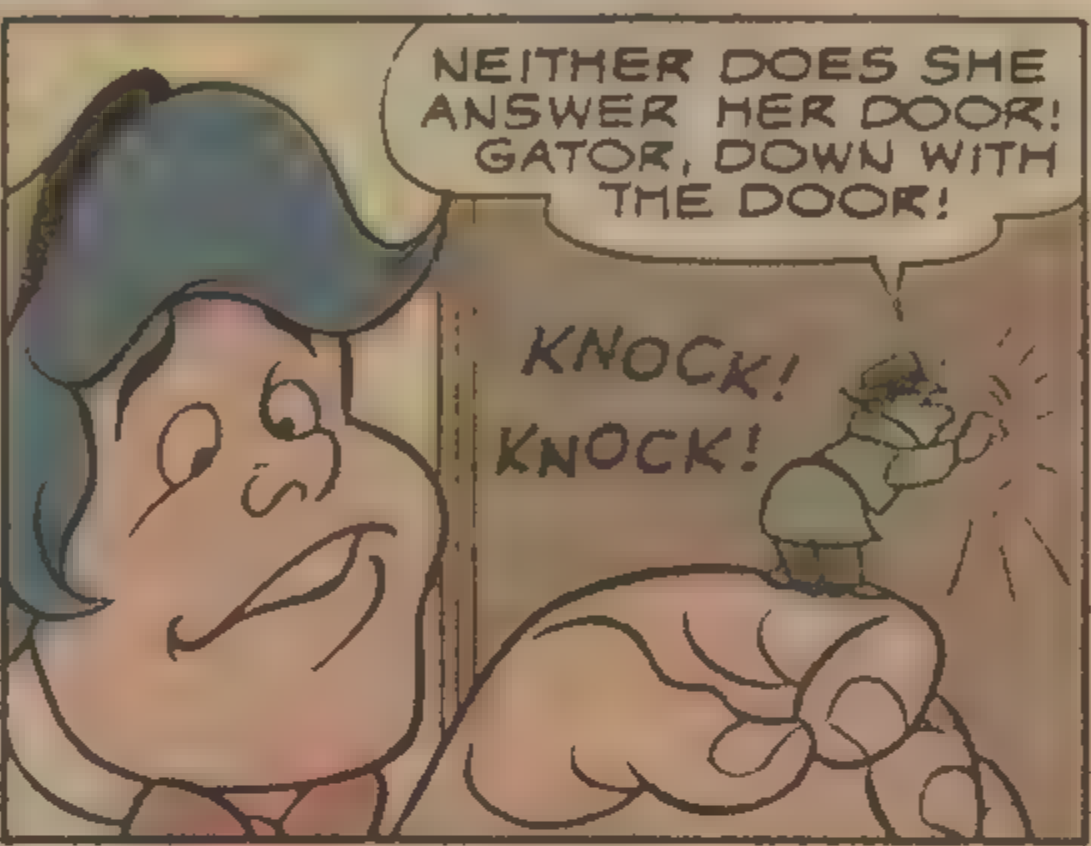
WHAT COULD THE MATTER BE?

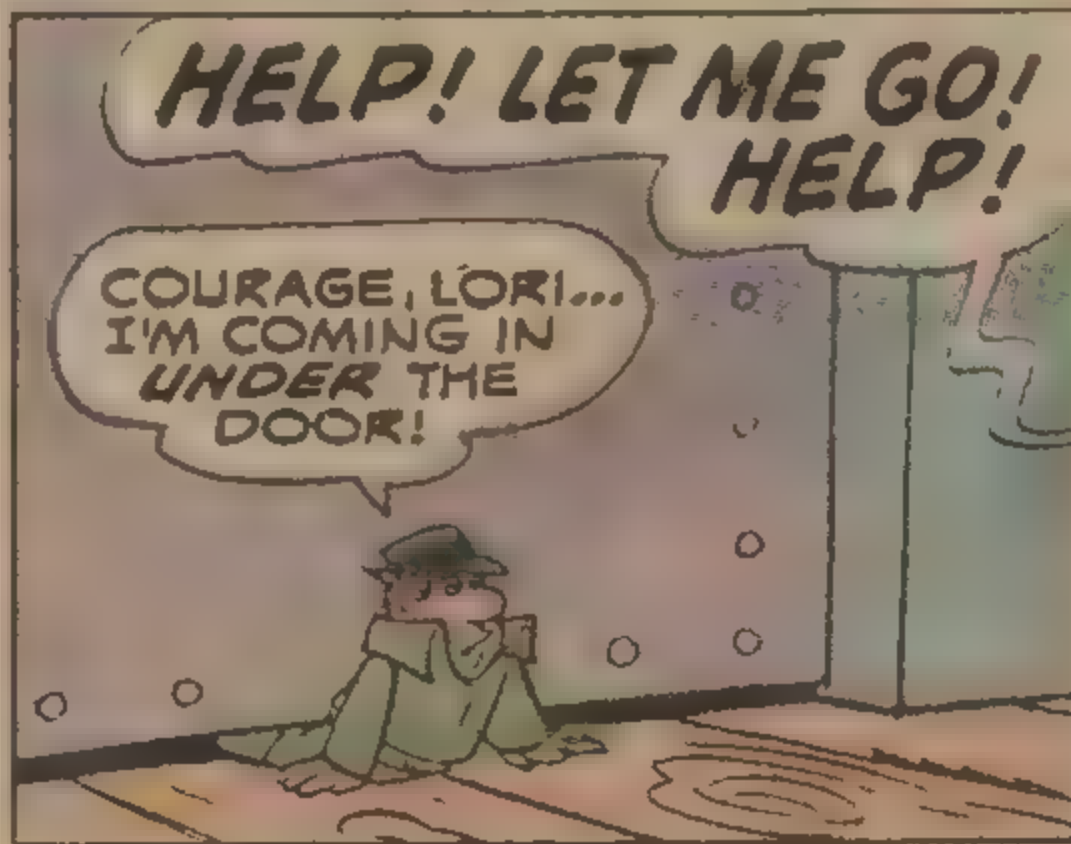
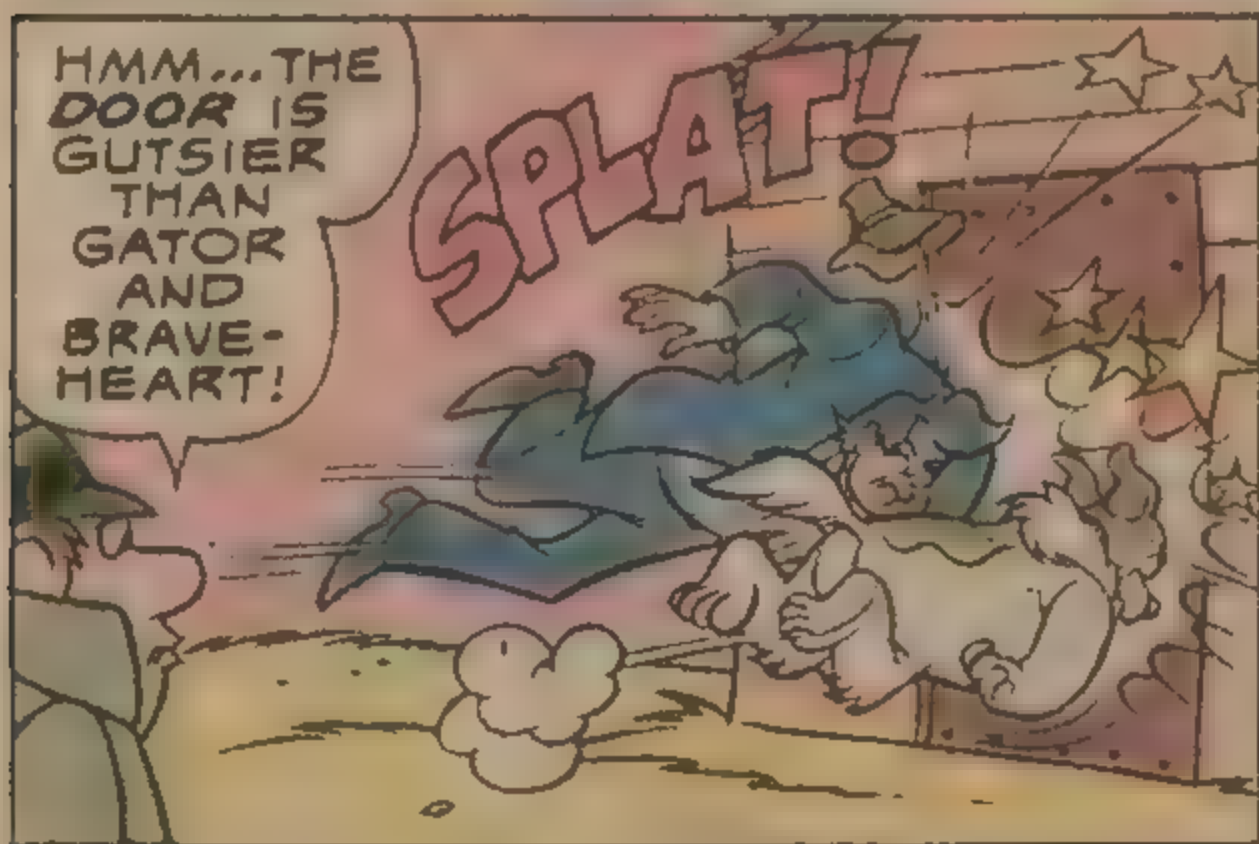
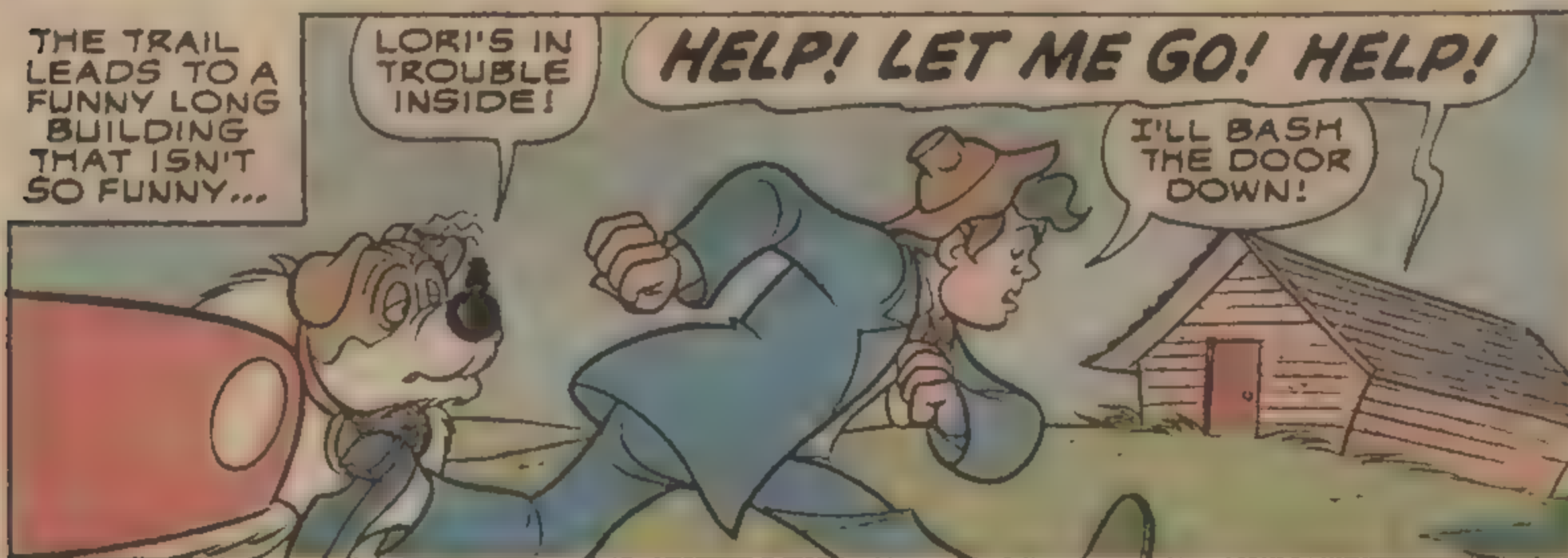
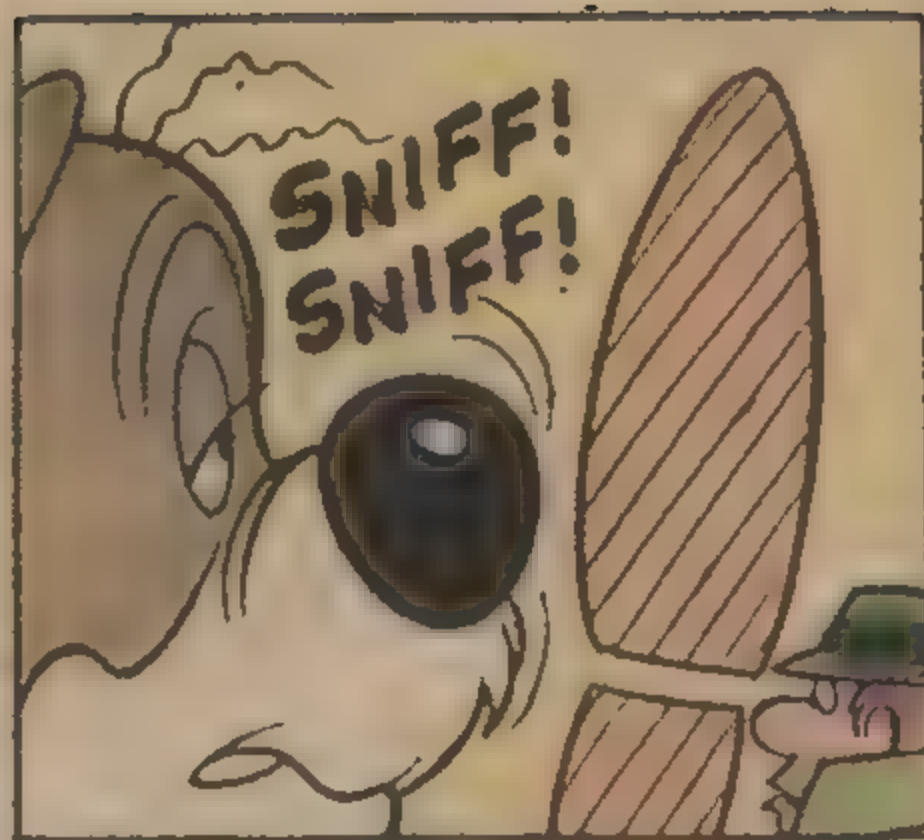
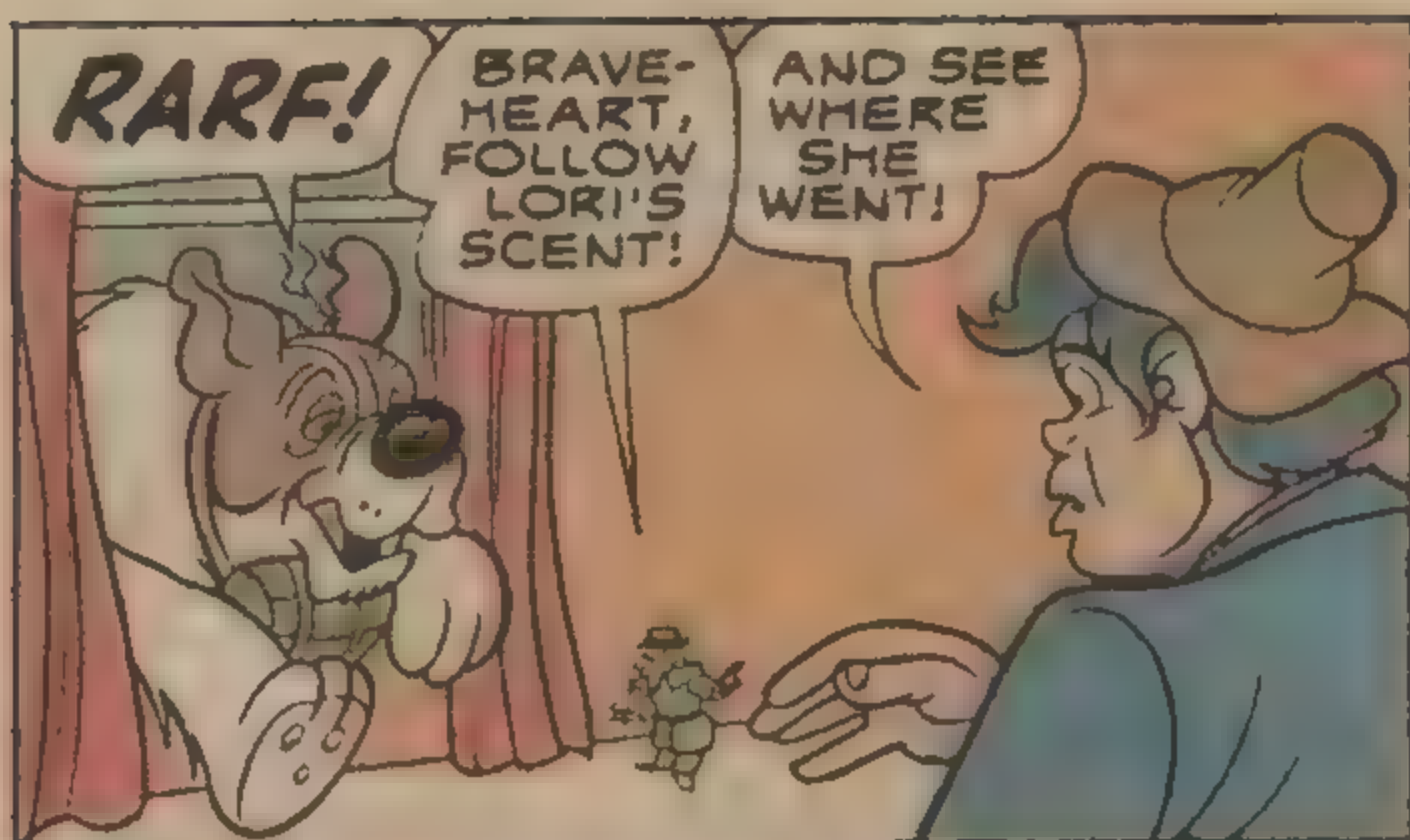
SO INCH HIGH, WITH GATOR DRIVING, RUSHES IN THE HUSHMOBILE TO LORI'S APARTMENT...

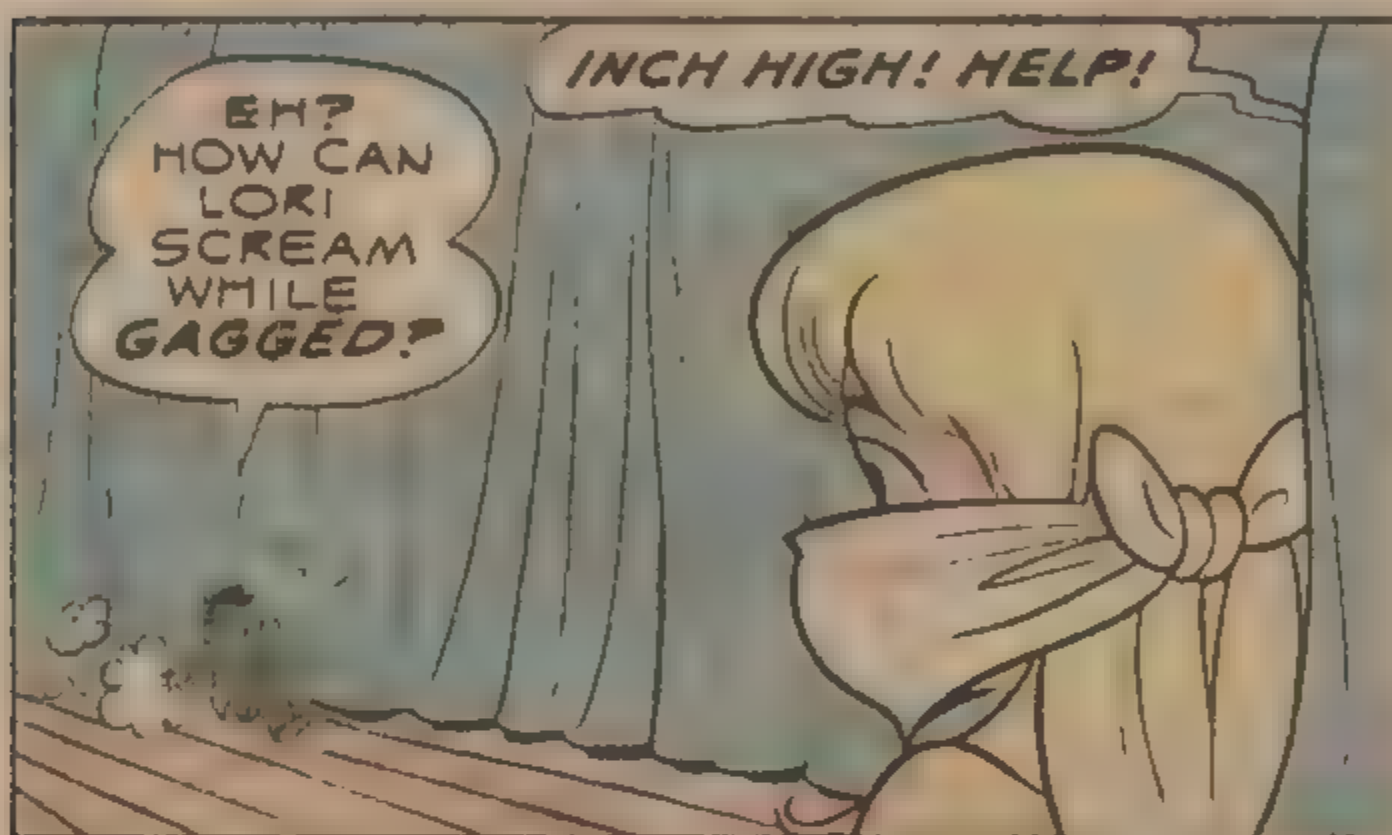
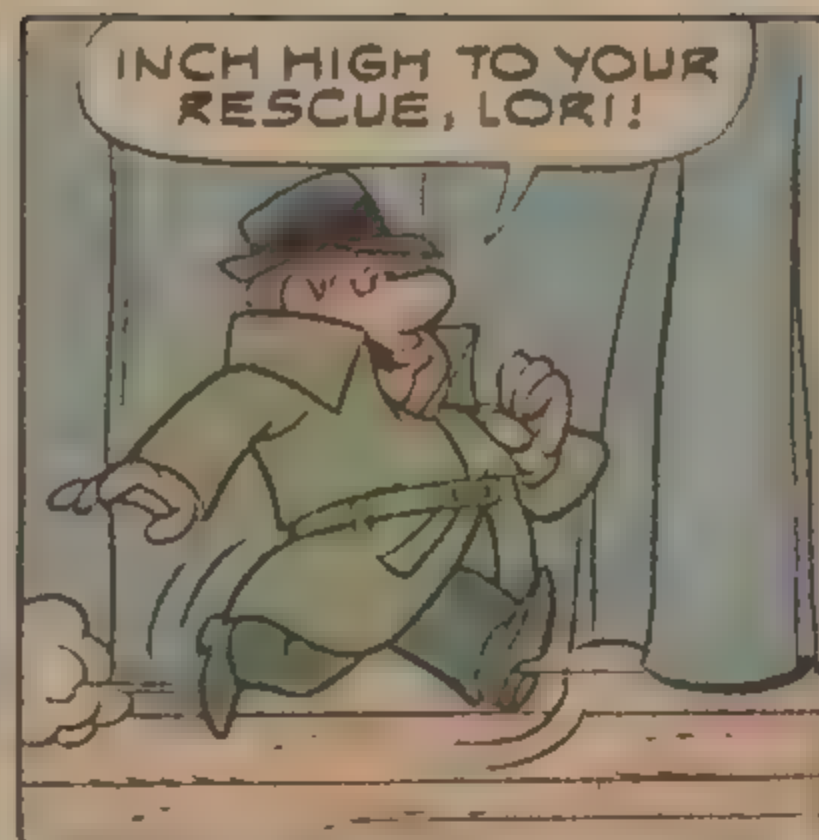
INCH KEEPS IN SHAPE AND CLEARS TRAFFIC SIMULTANEOUSLY...



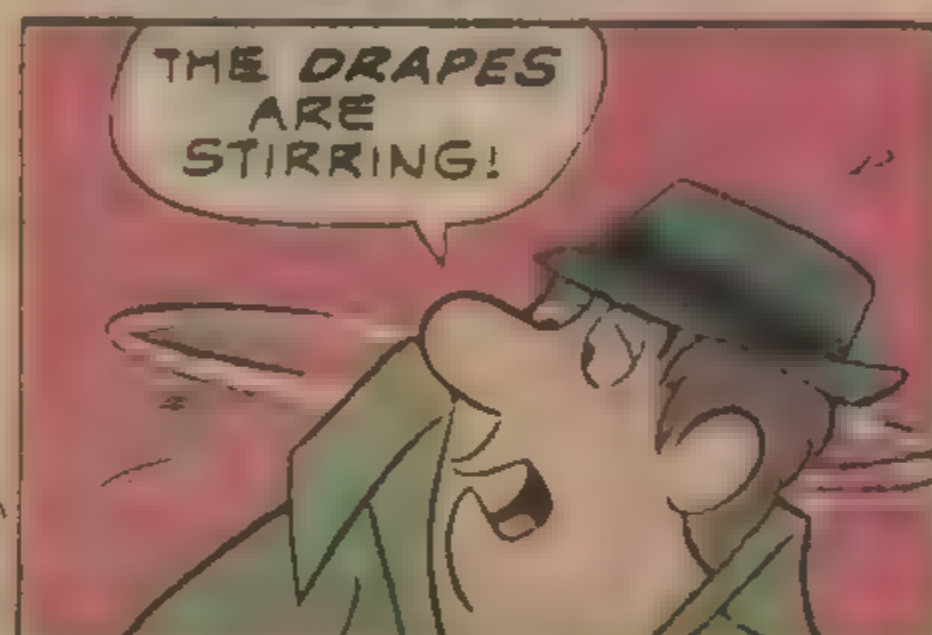
THE HUSHMOBILE SKIDS QUIETLY TO A STOP...



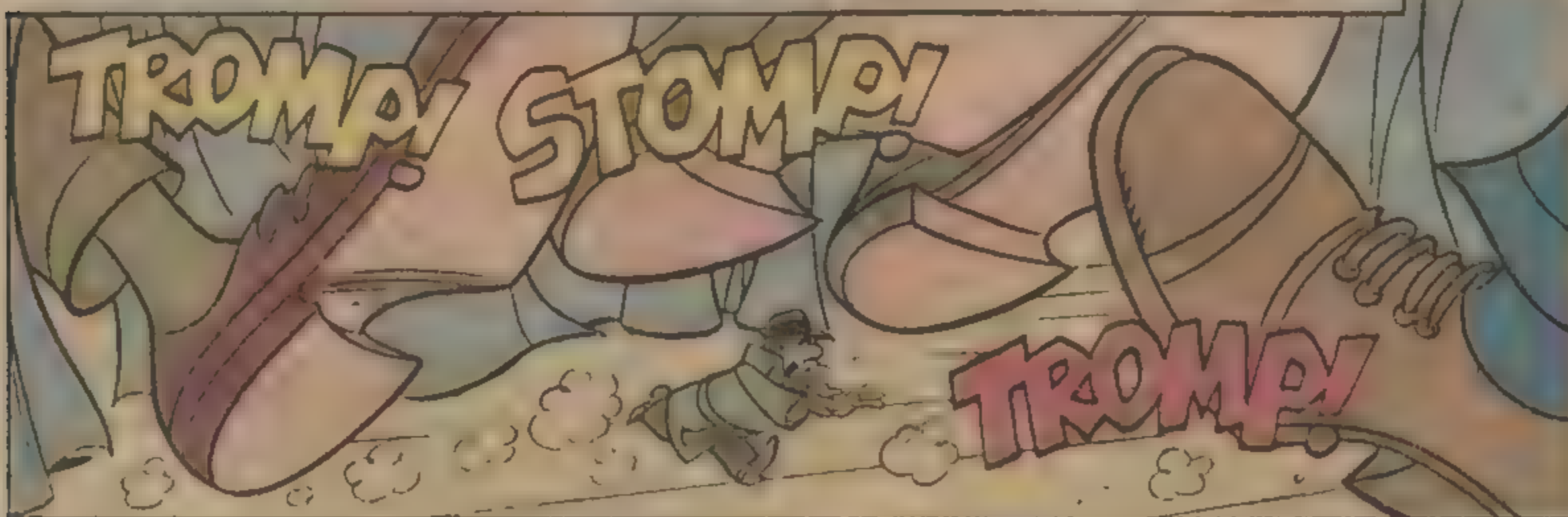




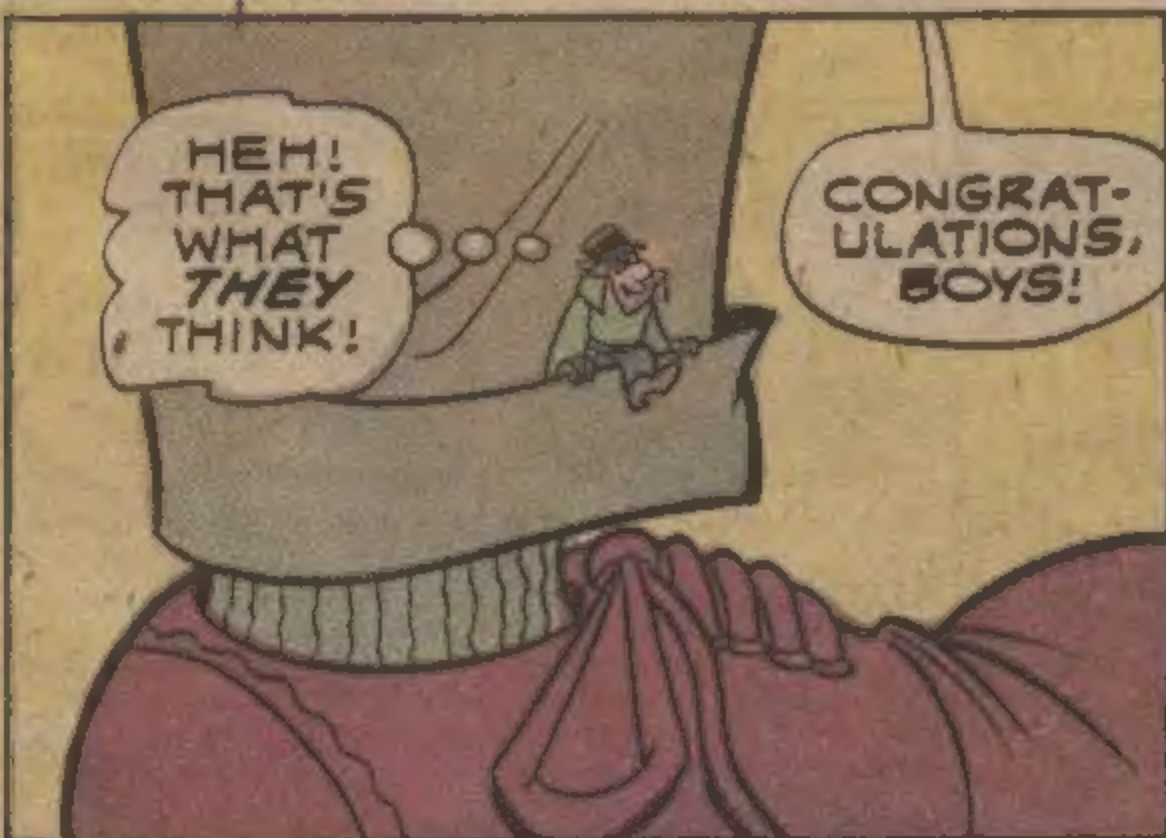
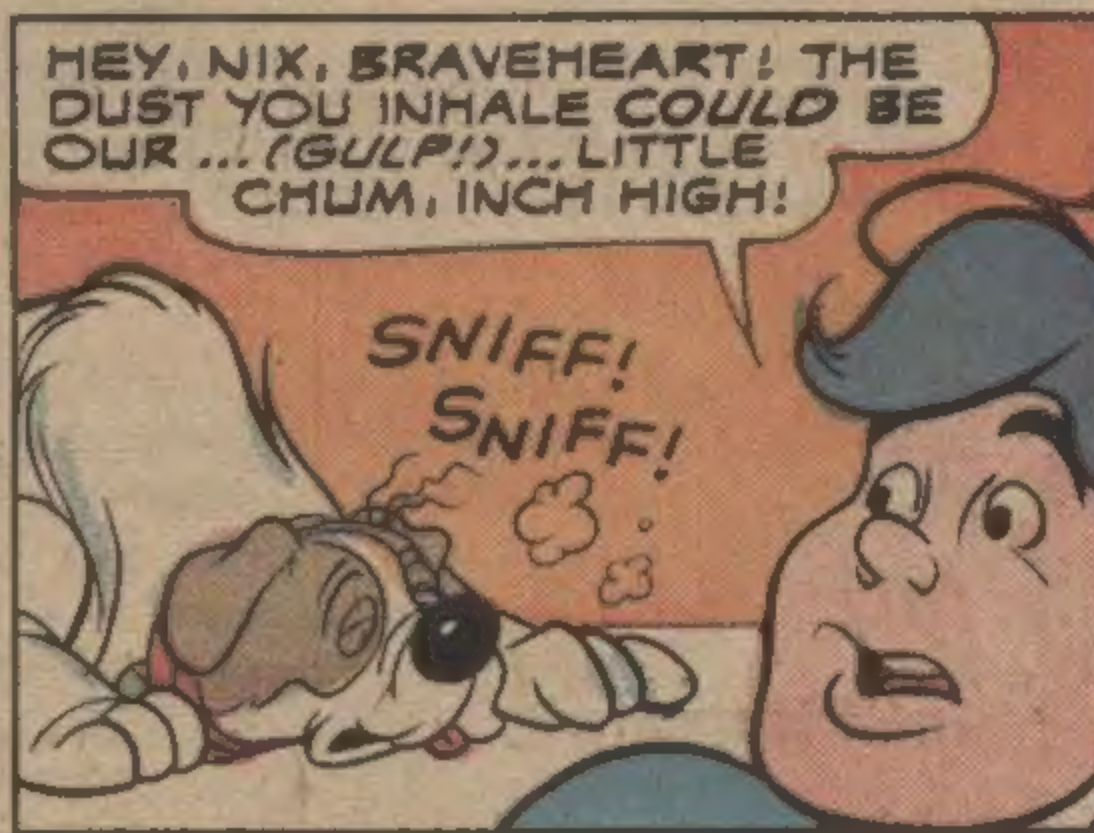
TOO LATE INCH HIGH REALIZES THAT A RECORDING OF LORI'S VOICE HAS LURED HIM TO DESTRUCTION...



AND A HORDE OF HOODLUMS STAMPS VICIOUSLY AT INCH HIGH...



GATOR ROUSES HIMSELF AS A BIG CAR DEPARTS...



A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER SHAKES THE SKYLINE
AS THE CITY REALIZES ITS PREDICAMENT!

LET
EVERYBODY
READ IT
AND WEEP!
HO-HO-HO!

(GULP!)

BY REFLEX
THE
CITY HALL
CLOCK
ASSUMES
THE
"HANDS-UP"
POSITION!

LEAD-ED, PAY
A VISIT TO
THE CHIEF OF
POLICE!

WITH
THIS
GAT?

H-HUH?
AM I
SEEING
A
GHOST?

THE END
OF YOUR
CAREER
IS NEAR,
THUG!

A LITTLE *THUMB-JUDO*
FOR YOU, BIG BOY!

CRASH!

